

IF CANADA CAN CURB CRIME WHY NOT THE U. S.?

MAY 27,
1933

Liberty 5¢



Sewing a LIVING BODY



ILLUSION:

The magician seemingly pushes a huge threaded needle through the body of an assistant, followed by the thread.

EXPLANATION:

Under the clothes of the victim is a pipe, extending around his body. The needle, which is flexible, goes around the body and out the back so quickly that the audience does not notice that the needle and thread are momentarily shortened during the act.

SOURCE: "Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

A trick frequently worked in cigarette advertising is the *illusion* that mildness in a cigarette comes from mysterious processes of manufacture.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes today are made in modern sanitary factories with up-to-date machinery. All are *heat treated* — some more intensively than others, because raw, inferior

tobaccos require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos.

The real difference comes in the tobaccos that are used.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Camels have given more pleasure to more people than any other cigarette ever made. Give your taste a chance to appreciate the more expensive tobaccos.



KEPT FRESH IN THE
WELDED HUMIDOR PACK



**NO TRICKS
—JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

COVER TITLE PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL 8



\$50 FIRST PRIZE

EUGENE NOONAN, Sioux City, Iowa
"A Fool There Was and Here She Is."

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

GEORGE DENNERY, New Orleans, La.
"You Can Fool Some of the People All the Time."

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

CHARLES M. SOMMERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Having a Swell Time with a Tenderfoot."

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

MRS. PAULINE C. MARTIN
Danbury, N. C.
"A Filly Makes Her Mark in a Derby."

TEN \$5 PRIZES

Mrs. M. Berlin, Westerville, Ohio; Charles B. Daniel, Atlanta, Ga.; V. J. Doyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. E. Gridley, Tampa, Fla.; A. B. Harless, Washington, N. C.; Jim Hickman, Phoenix, Ariz.; Hunter Lynde, Jacksonville, Fla.; Alfred Manger, Dubuque, Iowa; Eric Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. A. Tanner, Malden, Mass.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

Mrs. J. O. Albrechtson, La Crosse, Wis.; Julia Bleers, Chicago, Ill.; Grace Boswell, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. Grace M. Boyce, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. John H. Bristor, Mansfield, Ohio; A. H. Brookshier, Decatur, Ill.; R. W. Browne, Anderson, Ind.; Constance Brownell, Southboro, Mass.; Geneva Cooke, Proctor, Minn.; W. C. Craig, Bynum, Texas; Mrs. Tom Damon, Sandy Point, Texas; Paul Dawson, Louisville, Ky.; V. J. Doyle, New York, N. Y.; William B. Fagan, Albuquerque, N. M.; Mrs. Paul Fitzgerald, Peace Dale, R. I.; Strickland Gillilan, Washington, D. C.

Clarence Gilstrap, Racine, Mo.; Ellen Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; E. S. Hall, Kissimmee, Fla.; Helen R. Harper, Overbrook, Pa.; George Hatch, Huntsville, Ala.; Frank S. Henderson, Elwyn, Pa.; Don Hickman, Phoenix, Ariz.; A. T. Jones, Rochester, N. Y.; Joseph R. Joy, Patterson, La.; Thomas L. Kellett, Vancouver, B. C.; Andrew C. Low, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clara A. MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jeanette Maddy, Springfield, Ill.; Al Manovill, New York, N. Y.; Fred L. McCool, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. A. R. Monroe, Felton, Calif.

Mrs. C. A. Mow, New Orleans, La.; Norma Nelson, Colville, Wash.; Grace O'Neal, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles C. Nims, Chicago, Ill.; James A. Pabian, Los Angeles, Calif.; Anita Quintana, New Orleans, La.; Miss Willie Rust, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Henry B. Reilly, Livingston, Mont.; Mrs. J. E. Savage, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. H. J. Schmiede, Madison, Wis.; Herbert Seligson, New York, N. Y.; Nedra Short, Long Beach, Calif.; Erma Stear, Erie, Pa.; C. W. Stumm, New York, N. Y.; Don Waters, Clinton, Okla.; Osgood Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. B. Winkworth, Detroit, Mich.; Ray Zirkel, Columbus, Ohio.

What's Your Excuse?

WRITE IT AND WIN A SHARE OF

\$250

IN BIG CASH PRIZES

A Chance for Liberty Readers to Get Easy Money

HOW good are you at making excuses? Can you frame a plausible alibi at short notice? Are you adept at getting out of strained situations with a cleverly turned phrase? Have you always at your tongue's end that soft (and not always veracious) answer which turneth away wrath?

Then by all means compete in this new contest for phony excuses. And if you are among those who are not adept at easy excuses, here is a great chance to improve your standing among the Münchhausens of explanation.

This week's prize money will be distributed among the sixty-four entrants who submit the winning phony excuses in completion of the contest sentence which appears immediately below:

I'm sorry, old man, that my chickens got through the fence into your garden and scratched out all the seeds, but—

Read the rules carefully. They give all necessary information on how to get into line for the \$50 cash first prize or one of the other worth-while awards. Be sure to inclose with your completed alibi the brief statement of preference called for in the second paragraph of the rules. No entry will be complete without it.

If you are a chicken owner you probably have your story pretty well in hand through constant practice. But is it good enough? This contest may aid you to develop a better one. If your garden has been pirated by a neighbor's poultry perhaps you will plagiarize his oft-told alibi. If you have neither chickens nor garden you can start from scratch with the others anyway.

You might just as well win one of these prizes as anyone else. Send in an entry today!

PHONY EXCUSE CASH PRIZES

First Prize	\$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, \$5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, \$2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	\$250

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. Complete the Phony Excuse, begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

In order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, June 5.

ANOTHER \$250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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TO DESTROY FEAR, TO BRING BACK CONFIDENCE—LIBERTY'S NATIONAL RECOVERY CRUSADE

In President Roosevelt's speech on the opening of the banks he said: "Confidence and courage are the essentials to success in carrying out our plan. You people must have faith."

We have been stumbling along, hopeless and helpless. We are on our way—but where are we going?

At last we believe that a definite means of recovery has been discovered. We have all been leaning on Washington, expecting the wonders of a magician from our new President, and although he may be all-powerful, he cannot bring back the confidence we have lost in our fellow man. He cannot make us trust our neighbor or those with whom we associate in business and social life.

That is our job!

And this new organization proposes to point the way and to go forth and supply cities and towns with speakers and "ammunition" that should destroy fear and bring back confidence.

Our large banks are loaded with cash. Every banker now doing business will tell you that he is endeavoring to protect himself against a run on his institution. Any day the depositors may come in a body and demand their money. He must be ready to give it to them.

Through this new organization—the Liberty National Recovery Crusade—we have a plan to bring the depositors of all the banks together in an association of their own in every medium-sized city. This organization will represent the depositors and should insure to a reasonable extent the banks against a possible run. With security of that nature the average banker can release twenty-five or fifty per cent of his hoarded capital, which can be lent to businesses that need promotion—to builders, to home owners, to everyone who has constructive plans for improvement.

In this crusading organization orators will be engaged who are flaming with the tragical needs of the times—spirited speakers who can arouse the confidence of the people in themselves, in their ability to snap out of this devastating depression.

We are as rich as we ever were. We have all the machinery, everything we had in the heyday of our colossal prosperity. But we have lost faith. Our enthusiasm has burned out.

The fiery enthusiasts that we hope to send out to stir the ambition, to rouse the dormant spirit of people, will speak at clubs, schools, churches, everywhere, and we hope they will stir the communities they visit to their uttermost depths.

And that is what we need—all of us, everywhere. Communities that are sliding helplessly in the slough of despond should communicate with this organization at once. Lecturers who are also organizers will be sent wherever possible to help convince the citizens of every community that we must stop looking for miracles from the government and begin to understand that we have to help ourselves out of the present difficulties.

"God helps those who help themselves." That is a slogan that can be definitely applied to our own efficient President. He may be able to accomplish miracles but he cannot help individuals or communities who refuse to help themselves.

We are hoping that every community will join this dominating crusade for dependable recovery. Write to the National Recovery Crusade in care of Liberty. Lecturers who are interested are also invited to write, asking for particulars.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Always a little more thrilling

... this girl has learned that "popularity" is just another name for "personality". She emphasizes each fate-given trace of individuality—selects frocks to complement her eyes; face powder to compliment her face. And she uses Coty, of course, because Coty is the one "personalized" face powder, *tailored-to-type* in three ways!

In *texture*, Coty offers a fine, smooth, adhering finish, which *most perfectly* suits most skins. It is Coty's art to *emphasize animation* while banishing shine.

In *tints*, Coty presents individual, skin-true tones that give a precious, rose-petal finish. Test their *naturalness*—"personalized" to your complexion!

In *fragrances*, Coty creates a score of adorable, enchanting odeurs, among which you'll certainly find several that perfectly express your *personality*!

Like the clever girls who are its devotees, Coty Face Powder—in the famous *powder-puff* box—proves itself always a little more thrilling! It's "personalized"!

Coty



Pure! In these days of wobbly quality standards, take no chances on what you put on your precious face! Buy Coty, insist on Coty—utterly pure, laboratory-tested, safeguarded against deterioration!

I HEARTILY APPROVE OF
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES'
NUTRITIONAL QUALITIES

YOU WOULD, DAD—
BUT WHAT I LIKE
IS ITS PERFECTLY
SWELL FLAVOR!



Crinkly as popcorn...sweet as a nut
You'll love this new cereal !

BRING on the men who are complaining about the monotony of breakfasts! Bring on the women who are wondering just how to get something new!

For Grape-Nuts Flakes—the brand-new breakfast cereal—is here!

Grape-Nuts Flakes is the grandest tasting cereal you ever heaped on a spoon. Everybody goes wild over it—from little Johnny, age 7 to smiling grandpa, age 70. Crinkly as popcorn...sweet as a nut...so downright delicious that you'll ask for more—and more—and more.

This cheery breakfast-friend could stop right there—and you'd be satisfied. But it doesn't.

*A great start
for a day's play*



It brings you something else—real nourishment. One dish of Grape-Nuts Flakes, served with milk or cream, gives you more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

So try Grape-Nuts Flakes today. See

if it isn't the tastiest—the most unusual—flake cereal you ever ate. Your grocer has Grape-Nuts Flakes, a product of General Foods. Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.

Grape-Nuts *Flakes*

the new cereal surprise...companion to Grape-Nuts



If CANADA Can Curb Crime Why not the U.S.?

*How Our Neighbors to
the North Make Justice
Really Work—A Startling
Survey of International
Contrasts*

By a Former Special Investigator for the Wickersham Commission

ERNEST JEROME
HOPKINS

Student of criminal justice and author of Our Lawless Police

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

TO the American eye, the clerk of court in his long white cravat and black robe had something of the dignity of a bishop. His voice too was clear and pleasant, and you could understand every word of the juror's oath. It was a new form of oath to me; I took it down as he intoned it in the hush of the Canadian court room:

"You shall well and truly try—and a true deliverance make—between our Sovereign Lord and King—and the prisoner at the bar—whom you shall have in charge—and a true verdict give—according to the evidence—so help you, God."

The twelfth juror took his seat.

I looked at my watch. My eyes bogged out. I had lived to see a jury in a felony case obtained in the precise total time of twelve minutes!

I pinched myself. Still, I was growing used to speed in these Canadian courts. In Montreal, a few days before, I had seen the jury in a manslaughter trial obtained in twenty-three minutes. Every American is used to the idea that hours and days must be spent in jury-getting and every talesman questioned with a fine-tooth comb. A Canadian attorney with a quarter century of experience had told me that four hours was the longest time he recalled. But twelve minutes!

"Isn't twelve minutes rather unusual?" I whispered to the reporter of the Toronto Mail and Empire at my side. He grinned. He too had seen American trials.

"Rather," he acknowledged. "But it seldom takes an hour. A half hour is average."

Neither the Crown prosecutor, the defense attorney, nor his worship the judge had asked a single question of any prospective juror. The defense lawyer had used two peremptory challenges, each with the single word, "Challenge." (He had twenty, if he'd cared to use them.) It occurred to me to wonder how they dared to fill that jury box with unquestioned men.

The jury itself gave most of the answer. Young men. Not a gray head in the lot. Not a mind that had quit thinking or frozen into prejudice. Well-to-do citizens—master carpenters, business men, one farmer who owned his land—all had a high property qualification. Not a "professional juror" either; after serving on a jury a man cannot be called again for four or five years. As to evading, they didn't try. There was a look about that robed dignitary up on the bench that discouraged it.

It resembled the juries one used to see in our Federal District courts before they were turned into booze courts. The venire list was winnowed out first; that was it. And there was another point: This justice was life-appointed. He needn't curry favor by excusing jurors.

I glanced at the defendant. It was a woman; she was standing alone and aloof in the little square corral of the prisoner's box. Defendants in Canadian courts stand, except by special permission. This woman in her cheap brown fur and plain hat looked as impressed as though facing the majesty of the king himself.



Yet this was just an ordinary trial, and the alleged crime was the committing of an abortion. These average cases were my best field of study as to a system of criminal justice which takes from the same historic root as ours—the English common law—but is infinitely more modern than ours, and is getting better results. As I looked the clerk of the court nodded courteously to the woman. With evident relief, she sat down.

My purpose in Canada was to solve, if I could, the greatest mystery on the American continent. Why is it that, with crime rising to fantastic heights with us, it is growing no faster than the population on the other side of the invisible line? Here are two adjacent countries that are alike in their language, morals, and fundamental law. Subtle differences exist, but probably no two nations on earth are more alike at bottom. Economic conditions are identical, including the depression.

Yet in the United States crime is what we know it to be, while in Canada the picture is, comparatively speaking, white and clean. Our lives and property are highly unsafe; Canadian lives and property are safe. In 1929 there were but twenty-six known murders in the whole Dominion, and in 1930 but seventeen. Any large American city can outmatch Canada's entire record of crimes of violence in any given year.

BESIDES, Canadian law, like ours, gives to every citizen certain fundamental rights and liberties; but American liberties are daily invaded by the very officials whom the Constitutions are intended to hold in check, while in Canada these rights are living things. And, strangest of all, the very gangsters who take each other for rides in New York and the lake cities seem to "get religion" the moment they cross the international line. In Canada they behave like little gentlemen.

The answer, I knew, must be sought for on three levels: the trial courts, the police courts, and police work. Getting back to this particular trial:

The Crown prosecutor arose for his opening statement to the jury. He was a young man, and his silken robe with squared-off collar proclaimed him a K. C.—King's Counselor, an honorary title. Naturally, since abortion is a revolting offense, I waited for him to arouse the jurors' emotions. He didn't. As calmly as a lecturer expounding history to an adult class he conversationally set forth the facts.

The principal witness had been intimate with a man before her marriage. Being pregnant, she had called upon this woman. Certain things were alleged to have occurred; he stated them unsparingly, to the most intimate medical detail. Nothing was missing—except adjectives, fist-shaking, and theatricals. Not a hint of any emotional appeal. It was merely a question of fact. Even the girl's possible motive in making the visit didn't count. All that counted was whether the law had been violated by the defendant.

Concluding his statement, that Crown prosecutor brought up a very important point: the type of instrument the woman might have used. Said he: "We're not just sure about that. The evidence is a bit doubtful. You gentlemen will hear what we are able to offer, and decide."

At that point, of all places, he sat down! Sat down, leaving the distinct impression that perhaps he couldn't fully prove his case! Why, every case has just such doubtful spots, but right there *our* prosecutors will turn purple and shout their loudest: "And we shall prove beyond the shadow of a doubt—" They'd be charged with having "squared the case" if they didn't!

And it struck me that for perhaps the first time in my life I had seen *fair prosecution*. One of the several Wickersham Reports, written by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard, reveals unfair prosecution as among the curses of American courts. In asserting that it makes juries disbelieve and distrust the prosecution, Professor Chafee is right—for after that last frank acknowledgment that jury was prepared to believe in full everything that Crown prosecutor might say. He had created confidence in his sincerity.

Well, that Crown prosecutor was life-appointed. He could afford to be square. He wasn't looking for votes, didn't have to pile up a high record of convictions by fair



Cartoons by
ROBERT A.
CAMERON

means or foul. Yet records show that Canadian prosecutors get far more convictions than our elected ones do. Taking the Dominion as a whole, in 1931 there were convictions in 60.3 per cent of all jury trials. Real American statistics are lacking, but compare that with Chicago's record of 270,000 arrests and only 20,000 convictions. A fairer comparison is the record of 6,881 felony trials and 1,532 convictions shown in Alfred Bettman's surveys of five of our largest cities.

Now, extraordinary as it seems to an American, that Crown prosecutor had the *right of appeal*. Yes, sir! Suppose this jury acquitted this woman, and there had been some essential irregularity, this district attorney could bring it before the higher court and get a reversal and an order for retrial. No American prosecutor that I know of has any such right. Canadian law seems to take the ground that a case remains a single case until it is legally and rightly settled. Maybe that was one reason why this prosecutor hadn't cared to question the jurors. Any irregularity later discovered could be rectified.

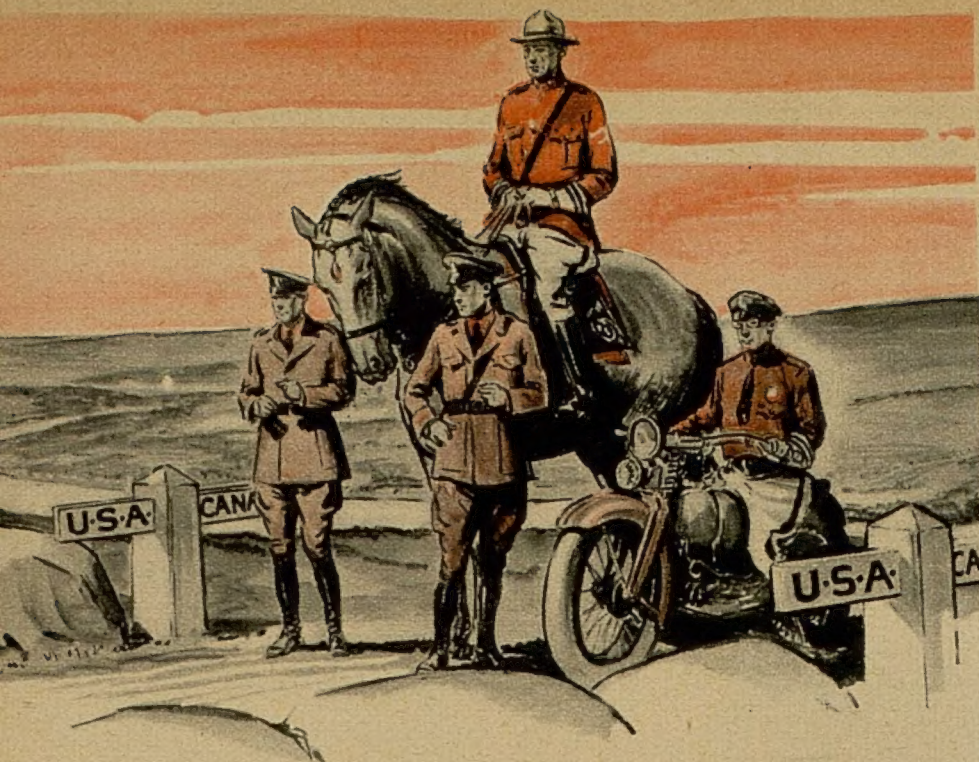
Now get ready to fall off your chair. I heard of one case in Canada where a judge gave a very stiff sentence to a convicted man—and the Crown prosecutor thought it was too stiff—and *he* appealed, and got the sentence cut down! Now you tell one. But mine's true. For the idea is strongly alive among Canadians that inequitably severe sentences, which are bound to be talked about in the prisons, are great breeders of criminal resentment and hence of crime. How to make them yet more uniform, as among the various judges, is a live issue. Certainty, not severity, of punishment is the thing they chiefly strive for in Canada. It works, too. Less than one fourth of all crime is committed by second or habitual offenders. Most ex-prisoners go straight.

Isn't that all, after all, the object of the whole system?

SEATED next to the Crown prosecutor was a detective officer. From time to time the prosecutor asked him for some point of fact. For in Canada the police are solely responsible for "making the case." The prosecutors only present the facts which the police, not they, have compiled. If a witness is missing, or falls down on the stand, it is no discredit to the prosecuting attorney. This helps to preserve his reasonable attitude.

As to the defense attorney, he couldn't pull a thing. I've seen trials where the defense lawyer was the whole show, subordinating even the judge. But not in Canada.

Which brought my attention to his worship the justice himself. Very independent, that judge! Life-appointed, of course. Spoke right out in meeting. Questioned witnesses himself, and freely. Hurried things along. Didn't allow heckling in cross-examination. Seemed



very sure of his law, and not at all afraid of reversal. Knew his work forward, backward, and in between.

And a very good reason why. Criminal law is the same all over Canada. It is very simple. By the Constitution of 1867—the Dominion Act—the provinces, or states, have no right to legislate on criminal law; that is a federal matter. Result: the entire criminal code of all Canada is contained in a volume about two inches thick. And the upper-court decisions defining that law also are made for the whole Dominion. We have forty-eight sets of criminal law, and federal law besides.

So Canadian attorneys seldom seek changes of venue.

I didn't wait to see how that particular trial came out. In all human likelihood the verdict would be "Guilty" if the judge wanted it, and "Not guilty" if he wanted that. American judges are mere umpires. Canadian judges play an important part in the game. How?

By having the "right of comment." At the end of this trial, when the evidence was all in, his worship on the bench would analyze that evidence, giving the jury the benefit of his experienced mind. He would have to make it plain that he was only giving advice, not orders; if the jury disagreed with the judge it was perfectly free to decide as it pleased. But in practice, I was repeatedly informed, juries seldom dissented from the judge's advice. Now, we have this very system in the State of New Jersey, and it works very well; but other states have hesitated to give their judges the right of comment. Theirs may only give instructions on the law—not on the facts. Canadians think the judges' comment very important in obtaining intelligent verdicts by juries; and disagreements, hung juries, and long wranglings in the jury room are greatly reduced by the system.

At the same time Canadian defendants needn't take the stand, and the judges may not infer anything unfavorable if they don't. Some advocate a change in that regard.

ONE other great power of that judge was this: he could try cases himself, without having any jury, provided the defendant were willing. These are called, significantly, "speedy trials," and (again as in New Jersey, where the same system exists) they do move swiftly indeed. It is a tribute to the fairness of Canadian judges that more defendants choose "speedy trials" than jury trials. Yet judges convict in more cases than juries. This does not mean that they are more severe. It means just the reverse. It means that a man won't ask for a jury trial unless there is strong evidence in his behalf.

Strict—and fair. Hard-hitting, but clean-hitting. Impressive and dignified. Such is Canadian justice in the felony courts.

It doesn't simply punish guilty men; it impresses their minds and hearts. So there is one explanation of why the rum gangs confine their murderous warfare to American soil and why serious crime is *reducing* in Canada.

I went one step lower, into the police courts. They are called magistrates' courts. They touch more human lives than the felony courts by eight or ten to one. So their

bulk influence upon the minds of the lawbreaking element is, quantitatively, that much greater. To put it bluntly, the police courts in nearly every American city are lousy. A good citizen can go into them and come out outraged with an anger that has a flavor of anarchism. A petty offender can go before them and lose, rather than gain, respect for law.

Well, the police courts in both Montreal and Toronto are as decently operated as our own felony courts. In one I heard an extended legal argument, ably urged and ably decided. In another the magistrate had had a guilty man, a petty forger, before him; had adjourned the case for an hour, hopped into an automobile, and gone out to the man's home to look conditions over. Finding that the man had a wife and children, and trusting the wife to help him "go straight," the magistrate had returned to court and given a suspended sentence.

Magistrates too are life-appointed. Nobody can "square" them—and few people try. Fancy a police judge being addressed as "your worship," and another as "my lord"! Our State of Massachusetts has life-appointed police magistrates, and while some of them are pretty prosecutor-minded—due to the selection of former prosecutors for these posts—their political independence is unquestioned.

AND this seems the place to bring out the interesting Canadian attitude toward the election of judges. Conservatives and Liberals alike absolutely disapprove of it. Every Canadian I interviewed, when asked, "Why does Canadian criminal justice work better than ours?" replied immediately, "Well, our judges are free of politics. They don't have to think about votes."

One justice in Montreal put the case about as strongly as it could be put. Said he:

"I wouldn't consent to be an elected judge for a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year." (His salary was \$9,000.) "Why, I couldn't be an honest man. Whether I realized it or not, the thought of my next election, or my last election, would come into my mind and get between me and the law. Some politician who had helped to get votes for me would think he had a claim upon me—and he would have. If such a man came into my chambers and started to talk about a certain case, I would feel insulted and humiliated, but how could I resist it or resent it?"

"I would have to watch the newspapers and respond to public sentiment. I would find myself tempted to do the spectacular thing, to make the spectacular remark, so as to get into the newspapers and so get votes. I would find the worst elements of the criminal underworld sending their representatives to me, saying, 'We put you into office and can defeat you when you run again—now you act accordingly.'"

"If the election system didn't break me down as a judge to some extent I wouldn't be human."

"As it is, I am here for life. The salary is not large but it is secure. I love the law, and I can devote myself to it and it alone. I am, excepting in my court room, out of the world. If I go wrong the higher court will reverse me, and justice is done. You Americans accept the same principle in regard to your United States Supreme Court and other federal courts. Why don't your states accept that same principle right down to the bottom of your system of courts? You will never elevate your public to the law until the law is elevated above the public."

That, I repeat, is the universal Canadian view. I do not give it as my own. Life appointment has always the danger of getting wrong men into permanent positions. But, say the Canadians, election gets wrong men oftener; election makes them wrong. Many of Canada's finest barristers have been obtained for the bench. The life appointment of all judges is regarded by Canadians as the central factor in their successful curbing of crime.

When you ask a Canadian policeman for directions, he answers your question naturally and easily, quite as though he were anybody else. He doesn't try to impress you, doesn't eye you as if you were a crook, doesn't act as if you were trying to slip something over. There are three sets of police—a very complete system: city, provincial or state, and the famous Royal Canadian Mounted

Police, a federal force. In the east the Canadian Mounted has handled immigration, narcotic work, and other federal offenses. In the west it has done patrol duty.

Municipal police get their man, too. Do you object to figures? I don't know of any figures much more striking than these as an indication of police efficiency:

In 1930 the total number of offenses reported to city police in Canada, in towns of 4,000 population and upward, was 352,783.

The police made 303,165 arrests. Six arrests out of seven known offenses—an amazingly high proportion! And there were 204,042 convictions, or better than two thirds.

There were 12,298 autos stolen—and 11,842 recovered! That is 96 per cent.

Stolen goods amounted to \$2,056,412, of which \$1,316,687 was recovered—64 per cent!

This, not for a single city but for the whole nation.

I don't mean to suggest that Canada's police aren't human. There, as elsewhere, the moral laws breed graft, and Montreal has had both a "vice squad" scandal and a "narcotic squad" scandal. Toronto's few communists have had plenty of the kind of advertisement they like, due to the police idea that you can cure communism with a club. And there have been rumors of third-degree practices here and there, though nothing which Americans would consider serious. The temptations of police work—temptations toward graft, temptations toward overriding people's rights—are everywhere the same. They are unavoidable, from the nature of the work.

But I found two marked differences between American and Canadian city police. First, the Canadian system rests upon *patrol*; upon having plenty of men out on the streets, where they belong, instead of occupying soft-seated chairs in offices. You will see many more policemen on the streets of Canadian cities than in cities of similar size across the border. There is a grand average of one cop to each 635 of urban population throughout Canada. The type of man is generally leaner and less bulky than the American ideal, and early retirement keeps the average younger. And you see them all over the place.

The other difference is that their abilities are not, as a rule, rated by the number of arrests made. Said J. H. MacBrien, head of the Canadian Mounted: "It may be the best proof of good police work if a man never makes any arrests. It may mean that his district is being kept in order by good patrol." In most American departments a man is expected or required to make so many arrests a month. Our police habit of running in any passer-by who doesn't look good, or grabbing the first suspect in sight on a crime and then trying to pin something on him, is done away with in Canada by a legal device so simple that I wonder our states have not copied it long since. This is the *sworn information* upon arrest. It is required by Canadian law that no person shall be arrested and held unless someone takes oath that reasonable cause exists.

WE do the same when warrants are issued; but when a cop arrests a man without warrant he simply puts his name on the book, or blotter, often "on suspicion" or "open charge." The Canadian policeman has to swear to a definite charge at the very outset. It has a tremendous effect. He *must* have real evidence or commit perjury.

So it comes about that all the senseless practice of arresting scores of persons and meekly letting them go again for lack of evidence does not exist in Canada. Another excellent result is that after an arrest is made a Canadian policeman is ready to take his man at once before a judge. That is what keeps down the third degree. No holding for two, four, six days, or two weeks before bringing formal charges; no kidnaping of men and salting them away in outlying station houses.

No single minor legal change would work a greater

transformation in the efficiency of American criminal justice than the abolition of the hotel-register "blotter" now used by our police, and the requirement that the arresting officer must take oath to the charges every time he arrests a man without a warrant. Two glimpses, finally, of this whole system in action. One minor but typical; the other, the famous case which freed Canada of gangster crime once and, apparently, for all.

A youth named James Tucker worked for a brokerage house in New York City. He was an excellent professional basketball player, but he also developed a talent for penmanship. In September, 1931, helping himself to a bunch of American Express Company travelers' checks, he decamped for Pittsburgh, where he signed and cashed \$400 of the checks.

He eluded the police and went on to Detroit. Here he cashed \$200 more, and again eluded the police. Making the mistake of his life, he crossed the border and turned up in Montreal. Pictures, of course, had preceded him.



THAT Montreal patrol system spotted him early in October. He wasn't arrested. Instead—the British system—he was shadowed by detectives. Arresting is all very well, but they wanted *certainty*. They waited patiently, knowing from experience that Tucker would trap himself soon—and he did. He walked over to a broker's office, where he proceeded to purchase \$500 worth of United States Steel, paying for it with travelers' checks.

Note what followed. He was arrested on the spot. That was the afternoon of October 5. He was

brought into court the morning of October 6, tried, and sentenced to four years, and was on his way to the penitentiary that same afternoon—in just twenty-four hours!

When the United States was just arousing to the menace of gangsterism, there was a typical gang crime in Montreal. Robbers held up an armored truck of the Canadian National Bank. A bank messenger was killed. That was on April 1, 1924.

Four Italian gangsters were arrested that same day. Three were arrested the day after. That was quick detective work.

Three of the gangsters were turned loose for lack of evidence after the preliminary inquiry. But the detective work continued. Quite early in the game one of the gangsters, named Nieri, turned king's evidence. At least a half dozen officials, police and prosecution, knew it at the time. It was kept absolutely confidential for more than a month. It came out in the trial itself.

Early in May the whole gang was rounded up. The names seem familiar—Serafini, Gambini, Morrel, Tony Frank, Valentino, Davis, Parillo. They had operated in Newark and New York. First, Serafini was tried alone on the murder charge; the jury disagreed. Then the Crown attorney, R. L. Calder, prosecuted the others jointly on conspiracy to murder. All were convicted excepting Mary Serafini, who was acquitted. Both these trials were over by the middle of May. And the crime had occurred April 1!

The convicted men appealed. How long did that take? Two years? Not at all. By October the decision was handed down and the convictions affirmed. Within six months from the date of the crime Serafini, Gambini, Morrel, and Frank were hanged. Valentino, Davis, and Parillo are in prison for life.

Cases of the same summer mopped up two other gangs. Since then there hasn't been a gang crime in eastern Canada.

I am not in the business of advising gangsters, but if I were, my advice would be this: Keep out of Canada. Criminal justice works there.

And most of the features that make it work are perfectly adaptable to the law of any American state.

THE END

BE "Mouth-Happy"



THE SUN PEEPS from a screen of clouds. Leaves whisper, the wind whistles softly, and two knowing thoroughbreds look wise. But Spuds won't tell on you, no matter how many you smoke. You can trust their cool, clean taste.

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Blind River

*The Story of a Butterfly Who
Said She'd Take Bananas*

(Reading time: 26 minutes 40 seconds.)

BURKE ELLIS stood on the shore with her clogs sinking into the sand and wondered how she could endure the next two weeks. Everyone was kind—too kind. The sort of poisonous kindness that is saved for cripples and people one resents having to be sorry for.

Dalton's mother had apologized for putting her in the little room in the wing. "You'll understand, my dear. The house is simply bursting with young people." Definitely dating Burke by her words. Last year's heiress. This year—a casually considered guest.

Last year, Burke thought with a dry quirk of her lip, Dalton had wanted to marry her. But that was before a scared secretary had battered in an office door to find her father crumpled over a desk and a film of gun smoke writhing beneath the ceiling. That was before the Ellis fortune had crumbled to a thin fragment.

Ungilded, orphaned, Burke saw now, she was not the woman Dalton Tate wanted. He was being guardedly kind now—brotherly and aloof.

The worst of it was that she could not go away. She had to stay where she was invited, because she had so little money left. And no relatives.

She walked along the sand, and a long length stirred. Dalton sat up.

"Swimming's no good," he said. "Too many Portuguese men-of-war. Too much undertow."

"And some loathly person"—a slim girl called Beatrice strewed sand over her brown legs—"has bought our lovely point."

"Not our point where the oyster rocks are?"

"My fault," Dalton admitted. "I shouldn't have let it happen. Deuce of it is, it was bought by a chap I used to know. Fellow named Jerry Morgan—best end the Navy ever had. They kicked him out of the Academy for some affair—"

"A girl, I heard," said Beatrice.

"But couldn't you buy it back?" asked Burke.

"He won't sell. He dislikes me."

"So many people dislike the man who owns the bank, darling," cooed Beatrice.

"I'm having it looked into. There are always ways—notes, mortgages, things like that—"

"You look smart in that swimming suit, Burke," drawled Beatrice. "I loved it last year."

Burke set her teeth. Last night someone had said, "Darling, how sensible to go on wearing that frock!"

"I won't be shrill," she told herself grimly as she walked away. "I won't be prickly and absurd." But—two weeks of it!

At the floating dock Dalton's boat was tied up. Burke stepped down into it, slipped the chain, and let the slack tide turn the bow about. She had gone around the island alone many times last year. She liked being out alone in the loneliness and freedom of the sea.

Paddling with her hands, she drifted free of the shoals, then started the engine. It caught reluctantly, ran roughly with a smoky smell of oil. But the bow cut a pleasing wedge in the flat glittering water. The pink-stucco Tate house receded till it was a mere glowing flower on the sand.

Southward was the dark line of the point. Burke found herself thinking speculatively about the misanthropic Jerry Morgan who had turned hermit there and frustrated Dalton Tate. Only brave people defied the Tates. The Tates bought the world with money and sold it with scorn. She saluted this unknown and daring person with a little flick of her fingers. And the engine chose that moment to cough smokily, wheeze, and die.

"For heaven's sake!" Burke muttered.

She measured the gas, found the tank half filled, and cranked the flywheel, snapping the leather thong as Dalton had taught her. Except for a strangled gasp that ended swiftly, there was no response. She tugged till her face was scarlet and her heart felt ready to burst, but a sucking emptiness in the cylinders told her that something was seriously amiss.

The boat was turning idly round and round. The sun became a remorseless flame when the motion ended. Her arms prickled; the wool of her bathing suit scorched her flesh.

The cluck of the tide under the stern told her that the ebb had begun, that she was being carried farther and farther out. The island receded to the north. There were no oars, but had there been she could not have maneuvered the heavy, broad-beamed craft. In a panic she fought the flywheel again, knowing that the anguish was useless. The engine was irrevocably dead; she was adrift in the shimmering, sun-seared loneliness of a Florida sea.

The Tates might not miss her for hours. She had never before been aware how utterly lonely an expanse of water could be, how empty of everything. She dipped her palms and tried to cool her blazing face. Then, remembering how far the flick of water was visible, she began dipping the bucket and emptying it. Then she stood on the seat, waved her red bathing

cap, and shouted. But the derision of the ripples under the bow was the only answer.

Dizzy with heat, she crouched low in the boat. Queer cracklings were beating on her eardrums; her heart was a hammer beat in her temples. Because she was dazed with these heat noises, the blue boat was alongside before she noted its approach, and a very brown lean young man in a limp old white hat was staring at her.

"Hello," he called. "Out of gas?"

Burke came out of her daze; shook her head. "There's plenty. It's the ignition or something."

"Throw me your line," he directed. "I'll tow you out of this sun."

She struggled up dizzily, tossed him the length of

By

HELEN
TOPPING
MILLER

Illustrations by WILLIAM MACRAE GILLIES



"I WANTED TO TELL YOU BURKE DALTON AND I" — BURKE KEPT LOOKING IN THE MIRROR



Burke swam and lay on the beach, because there was nothing else to do.

chain, and hung on as he maneuvered the bow about deftly. Then the air roared past her ears as the little launch spun away, snatching her powerless craft from the water. She had drifted so far she had no idea what shore it was that loomed ahead, cool and shadowy. A line of palms, a coolness of shade, trees farther back, and a wobbly little dock that had a vaguely familiar look. Then she saw that this was the disputed point. She wondered if this purposeful young man with quick hands and unsmiling eyes could be the ex-Navy end who made this place his dramatic exile.

"First you need something cool to drink," he said as he helped her up to the dock. "Then we'll do something about that burn—you've got a nasty touch of sun. Then I'll see what can be done about your boat."

"It was my fault," Burke said. "I shouldn't have taken it out without asking about it."

"Belongs to Tate, doesn't it?" he remarked. "Tate thinks oil belongs only on bull markets. My house is up this way. Look out for sand burrs."

BURKE felt silly and awkward in the brief bathing suit as she followed him along the path. A small, very new brown bungalow had been built under some live oaks and a sprinkler turned languidly in the middle of some grudging green grass. Poinsettias flamed against the shingled walls, and a police dog raised himself from a cool burrow and came toward them, prick-eared and alert.

"It's all right, Doug," the man said. "This is a lady castaway. Open the door like a good scout."

The dog gravely nuzzled the screen open, wedged himself around it, and backed to hold it open.

"Sit here." Burke's host tipped some magazines out of a chair. "I'll bring you some tomato juice first. Then, when you're cool, you can have water."

"You're very kind," she said. "Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. I'm Burke Ellis."

"Glad I happened to be coming in," he said. "You might have been out there for hours. I'm Jerry Morgan."

"I saw you play Princeton two years ago," she said.

A quick twitching shadow moved across his face; his keen features set themselves in a casual mask. "They should have warned you about the sun,"

"On, I knew about it! I've been here every winter for years. I merely had a wild desire to be elsewhere—and there was a boat and a shining ocean. Do you live here alone?"

"Doug and I keep the ward and the barbican. My little bathroom is at the end of this hall. You'll find a tube of ointment on the shelf under the mirror. Don't neglect the back of your neck. I laid some pyjamas out—probably they'll be cooler than that suit."

The little house smelled of pine woods. Everything was scrubbed to battleship neatness. A ship's hammock was lashed and rolled against the wall; books stood on a painted shelf; there was a bright grass rug; and the rooms were dim and airy. Over the coquina fireplace Burke saw a photograph of a white-haired man in the uniform of a navy captain and an old picture of a young woman in the round pompadour and boned collar of the early part of the century; but though she looked all about, there was no picture of a girl.

She painted her seared nose and shoulders, brushed her hair, and slid into the cool pyjamas. The bedroom was ascetically neat. The little kitchenette had a round table on which one knife, one fork, and one plate had been set out on a proper mat, and a scarlet hibiscus bloom floated stemless in a glass of water. Groceries stood in naïve rows, shining stewpans hung on nails driven in the wall. Burke felt a queer lump in her throat as she saw the housewifely array. She had never had a home. It occurred to her that she had missed a number of things.

On the porch the police dog thumped his tail but kept a watchful eye upon her.

After a while she walked down to the shore. Morgan was squatting on the landing, surveying the greasy disarray of the engine's vitals.

"Pretty hopeless," he said. "Bearings shot. Cylinders scored. Darned shame to treat a good engine like that."

"But—I must get it back somehow," Burke worried. "They might not miss me, but boats are important."

"I'll tow you back. I suppose a dozen frantic young men are scouring the Atlantic at this moment—but how about leaving them to their misery and having some lunch? That sky tells me it's two o'clock." He gave a wrench a couple of turns, shook his head, and wiped his hands on some waste. "Can you make coffee?"

Burke shook her head. "All I know about kitchens is that brides who lose the can opener have to go home to mother."

"Come along," he commanded. "We'll loot the galley."

Burke perched on the kitchen stool while he assembled things competently. A whisk and a bump of the ice-box lid, and a green-and-scarlet salad was crowned with dressing and dusted with paprika. Rye bread was sliced wafer-thin. Iced grapefruit juice filled tall glasses tinkling with coolness.

"What do you work at here alone?" Burke inquired. "You don't merely live here?"

"Rubber." He bumped the plates down on the table. "I'm experimenting for some tire people. This swampy soil suits the trees."

"You plant it?"

"Plant the little *Hevea brasiliensis*, pet 'em, tend 'em, find out what kills 'em. Work and sweat like the deuce—just Doug and me and the ocean. But we like it."

"And you're never lonely?"

His voice kept an even level. "No, I'm never lonely. Why should I be?" But she saw that he kept his eyes on the pitcher he was stirring, and that a muscle at the corner of his jaw had tightened.

THE sun was a flame of brass across the water when he towed the useless launch home. Burke wore a pair of navy slacks and the sleeves of an old shirt were rolled high above her slim elbows. Jerry Morgan talked well—of tides and the moon, of sailfish and the curious silent men who prowled the blind rivers along the coast. Burke could understand how a girl could go quite mad about him—how she could covet his loneliness and his defiant freedom. She found herself thinking of the roll of flesh that was thickening on Dalton's neck. Last year she had thought herself in love with him. But last year her life had been a frothy bit of meringue drifted over airiness and irresponsibility—before the ghastly black headlines changed everything.

She saw the pink-stucco house again with a little sinking of dread. Hideous to be so sunk, so lost to self-respect! She wouldn't go on like this. She would do something—anything!

"How about this rubber planter?" Beatrice demanded at dinner. "Was he romantic?"

"Party Tonight?"



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BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

"On the contrary," Burke was casual. "He was brutally curt and considered me a grand nuisance."

Not for Beatrice's small mind, hard and glittering as a rhinestone, any hint of the charm of that small brown house or the quiet reserved gallantry of the owner. Beatrice was predatory and conscienceless where men were concerned. Just now she was being triumphant about Dalton.

"Dalton says," she announced, "that he's going to get the point back."

"Bill Clayton is clever," Dalton added. "He's found some mortgage notes—and that young Morgan is trying to get his tire people to put up some money for him. We can probably fix that. Bill can usually fix things."

"But—wouldn't that be unfair?" Burke asked.

Beatrice laughed. "Don't be silly, darling. Of course Dalton will get the point back. Then we can have oyster roasts again and camp in the hermit's bungalow."

"Dalton," supplied his mother, "doesn't like being frustrated. It's a family trait."

Burke left the table later, tingling strangely. Why did she feel like raging at all the established things she had known? Why were these people she had known all her life suddenly alien? People she felt she didn't care to know at all? She walked down the shore, aware that the sand was spoiling her slippers. She must make them last. Sue Gaylor had invited her to Palm Beach for a week. After that she might go to Nassau if she was lucky. Up and down her blind river—getting nowhere! And she was twenty-five—with a fairly good mind and not hard to look at, brown hair that waved a little, good eyes, long lashes.

She walked out on the float and saw beyond it the blink of a small red light. A boat was drifting there. Somehow, she knew what boat it was.

She stepped down nearer. "Aren't you coming ashore?" she called.

The softly pulsing engine was silenced. "No, thank you," Jerry Morgan's voice answered. "I was just going after ice—thought I'd ease in and see if you were all right. That was a bad dose of sun you had today."

"I'm a rich mahogany effect and people regard me with amused compassion," Burke answered. "Otherwise I'm doing nicely. Where do you go for ice?"

"Up beyond the casino—end of the island." He poled in close, using one oar expertly. "How about going along?"

"I'd love it." Burke gathered up her chiffon skirt. The frock had to last, too—but nothing mattered just now.

"Tie this over your head." Morgan produced a big handkerchief. "I'll let her out."

THE lights of the Tate house, the blaring radio, the blinker buoy, and the dark line of shore dropped behind like things cast aside in a dream. At a lighted pier they slipped in for cargo, deftly snaked aboard with clanking tongs.

"No hurry now," Morgan said, letting the boat drift out. "They close early sometimes. Mind if I deliver it before I take you back? Melts pretty rapidly in this climate."

"They won't miss me," Burke said. "I'm the amiable guest. I dance with all the dull young men and tell the old ladies how thin they're getting."

"You sell yourself that line," Morgan said dryly. "I happen to know my New York."

"If you do," Burke said quietly, "you may remember that a number of things have happened in New York in the last year or two."

"Sorry"—he spoke quickly. "I should have remembered."

"How do you like my landing light?" he asked as they approached the point. "I had the deuce of a time rigging up an old dynamo, but I made it work. Coming up? I can give you some cold lime punch—I'm on the wagon, as it happens. Will you spoil your shoes in this grass?"

"Oh, no." What did shoes matter? Nassau or Palm Beach were dim annoyances now. The ice dripped and the palmetto snatched at her skirt. A million insects zizzed around the porch light. Morgan showed her the sticky trap that hung there for them.

"Some of 'em will hatch out grubs to ruin my caoutchouc plantings. And by those little trees I've got to live and eat and manage a dog bone or two."

"Suppose," Burke hazarded, "you should have to give this up?" She looked around at the scarlet poinsettia stars, the cushions, the row of books, and outside the dark that hid the rustling subjugated jungle of lush earth. "What then?"

HIS brows bent. She saw how tall he was—dramatically tall in that intimate little house. "You've been listening to Tate, apparently," he said. "Nothing will happen. Tate wants only the things other men want. When he can't get them he blusters and makes threats."

"But—now and then—he gets the things other men want," Burke persisted.

The ice-box lid slammed and tall green glasses clinked. The dog hung about expectantly. Morgan sat on the edge of a chair, threw his hat on the floor. The grim lines went out of his face.

"Solitude," he announced, smiling a little, "occasionally mitigated by lovely ladies in pale green fluffies, becomes increasingly attractive. By the way, your slippers match my dime-store glassware."

"They're stained." Burke regarded them ruefully. "And after them there won't be any more—unless I go to work."

"Broke? It isn't so bad, really. Take the amount of nourishment in one egg, for instance. Or a banana. I lived on 'em once—four days. Things were pretty stony. People I depended on were sore at me—" His lightness left much in the air, sketched light lines over what was obviously a grim memory. "I wish I had money," he went on. "I'd hire you—to cook. And sit around decoratively."

"I can't cook," Burke declared, spooning out the ice.

"Easily arranged. Going back to the egg—you need only water and a stewpan. And bananas need only to be denuded. Add a loaf of bread and a long drink of water, and who could ask for more?"

"It sounds alluring. I might consider working for my board and keep—if you'd furnish a frilly apron and a stewpan with a blue handle."

Burke kept her tone frivolous—but she did not look at this tall brown young man. Something dizzying and queer was clutching her throat.

"I won't be a fool!" she told herself fiercely. Then she felt Jerry Morgan's eyes upon her. She looked and was lost. Their gaze clung for an instant—then both looked down quickly and began stirring with absorbed interest. Burke's breath came sharply cold in her nostrils.

"I must go," she said abruptly.



Burke kept her tone frivolous. Something queer was clutching her throat.

They walked down the path in silence. The blue boat rocked a little under their feet; a lost and lonely bird cried thinly in a camphor tree; the moon spread her silver hair out limply on the sea. Burke's thoughts ran on bitter feet. Dalton wanted the things that other men wanted. It was all plain. It wasn't the money. Last year she had been an heiress, inevitably pursued. This year—

She looked at Dalton Tate at lunch time, and shivered with distaste. She heard his voice without hearing it, till the words cut sharply through.

"I'm closing up that Morgan business, Burke," he was saying. "Bill Clayton found a way to put pressure on the tire people, and we'll have that fine lad begging with tears in his eyes within another week."

"But—you can't do that!" Burke exclaimed, letting her napkin slide to the floor. "You can't! It's—rotten!"

Dalton looked at her, puzzled. "Going communist on us, Burke? It's business. Good business. Teach the fellow a lesson, perhaps."

"But—you could have bought it before he did. You didn't do it. You haven't any right—" Burke held her voice to a whisper to keep from growing shrill.

"A boat comes in at night from the sea," chanted Beatrice Speed mockingly. "All grows clear. She's smitten."

Dalton looked at Burke, his eyelids narrowed. His eyelids were fat, revolting. She had never noticed before. "Don't be absurd, Burke," he advised. "And, above all, don't be sentimental."

SOMEHOW she had to warn Jerry Morgan. There was, she knew, a dim road that wandered through the pines and wire grass and palmetto down to the point.

Burke borrowed the butler's rickety little roadster, slipping that amazed person one of her precious bills. Slipping away was easy. Following the crooked little trail was not. It forked and branched, wandering blindly through the sun-washed wilderness. But eventually she reached a gate.

It was locked fast, so she climbed it and made her way through a black mangrove tangle, miry and dim, where insects whirled about her head and terrifying rustlings made her jump. Everywhere were little trees with shiny leathery foliage, young and new. And guided by the whacking sound of a tool, she rounded a bend in the dim track and came upon Jerry Morgan, ex-Navy hero, stripped to an undershirt and shorts, sweat-drenched and flushed with labor.

Burke wasted no words. "I had to come! It's your notes," she began in a rush. "Dalton has them—and the tire people aren't going to put up the money."

Morgan stared, frowning for an instant. "Who told you the tire people wouldn't put up the money?" he asked.

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"They talked about it. Somebody—a Bill Clayton—has fixed it. So—I had to come! I hate injustice. I wanted to tell you—I have a little money left. There'll be some—on the first. And some telephone stock—you could borrow some on that."

"My dear"—Morgan spoke slowly—"did you think I would take your money?"

"You must! You can't let him beat you. It's wrong. It's unjust. You—mustn't let him!" Burke was quivering; her throat hurt. If he came one step nearer—He did.

"I think," he said evenly, "that you're a magnificent person. I think you're the finest woman I've ever known. I think that I've fallen in love with you—it hurts like the devil! Don't—come any nearer, Burke—please?"

She held out her hands. Her soul was an offering in her eyes.

"I love you, too, Jerry," she said.

He flung down the hoe with a choked sort of exclamation. He swept her up. Then, quick and taut as it had begun, the moment ended. His arms stiffened, he held her off.

"You don't want me, Burke," he said stiffly.

Burke quivered, struck. Then light came—terrible in its revealing.

"That girl—at Annapolis," she cried—"what did she do to you?"

His face was a leather mask. "She married me," he said.

Somehow she found the road back. No one had missed her except the butler, who was fidgeting for fear something had happened to his precious flivver. Like an automaton Burke moved through the slow afternoon, the dragging dinner, the tiresome night.

She caught Dalton's mother looking at her sharply. Probably that lady was thinking that the song was not worth the supper.

She would go to Nassau; she would go to Palm Beach. She would smile and flirt and marry the first man who asked her. Any man at all. She buried her face in her pillow and choked at the thought, then flung the pillow away and set her chin, digging her finger nails into her palm.

She would marry no one! She would go to work. Bananas were nourishing. An egg and a loaf of bread and a long drink of water. A little brown house smelling of pine, a pale drink in green glasses, a dog's adoring eyes. And in a jungle little stanch trees standing in gallant rows.

That girl at Annapolis—where was she? When things were "pretty stony," why hadn't she stood by? Burke wept a little, hating her, hating the world. An undergraduate who married was automatically dropped from the Academy.

That was the bitterness that lay behind the guard in Jerry Morgan's eyes. And now Dalton Tate was a menace—the trampling menace of money.

A DAY inched by, jerking itself like a maimed worm from hour to hour.

Burke swam and lay on the beach, because there was nothing else to do, keeping her eyes grimly away from the black-green line of the point. Down there was a lean lad who loved her—and there was nothing to do but forget.

At night Beatrice Speed trailed her chiffon peignoir through the upper hall. Her eyes were excited, her lips were painted danger signals.

"I wanted to tell you first, Burke." She pushed open the door. "Dalton and I—"

"I know." Burke kept on looking in the mirror, kept on brushing her hair. "I'm glad—for you."

"I wasn't sure. I thought perhaps—last year—"

"That was last year," said Burke levelly.

"I'm simply quivering!" Beatrice plumped down on the bed. "I held out for ages. But you know Dalton—he gets what he wants. And—oh, yes—we're getting the point back—definitely. It's all arranged. This Morgan lad has no money—and Bill Clayton knew how to fix things so he couldn't get a renewal or anything. Dalton's going down tomorrow to tell him. So nice he built that little house. We can use it for week-ends. Is it ducky, Burke?"

"No." Burke could not keep a crackle out of her voice. "It isn't ducky. It's a home. You wouldn't like it."

"You sound prickly, darling. You rather like this rubber chap, I suspect. He married Dorothy Armington, you know—or didn't you? His family were furious—there's a tradition that they all have to be admirals or something. Well, good night, darling. Sleep tight!"

Burke sat still, staring into the mirror. Tomorrow Dalton would go down, trample with arrogant boots through dreams and schemes, gloat and destroy without qualm or justice.

And Beatrice would move condescendingly through that little house, amused and indifferent.

BURKE sprang up. There was little she could do—but she could keep Dalton from staging his triumph tomorrow. She could gain one day. And it might be that one day would be valuable. Jerry Morgan's chin was not grim for nothing; his eyes were not level and keen from chance. She dragged on a sweater and a heavy skirt, pulled on flat shoes and a béret.

The servants' stairway began almost outside her door. So much for being an indifferently considered guest. The outer door creaked a little, but the *clish* of the sea obscured all other sounds.

On the shore a wind stirred and the moon was wan and tired. But the light was enough to show her the three launches tied to the float, Dalton's boat—it had been overhauled—and two belonging to other people in the house. Slim beauties, dipping with the soft slip of the tide. Too bad to outrage their perfection.

But never, never should Beatrice Speed powder her nose at that intimate little mirror in the small brown house! Burke caught her breath in a ragged little sob, fought it, and was frigidly intent again on what she meant to do.

Sand! White trickling handfuls of it, salty and clean and deadly! She let it slide slowly into the gasoline tank of each boat. She blew the betraying grains away and screwed on each cap carefully. There was still the crooked road—but fortunately the garage doors had warped in the sun and sea air. She carried sand in her béret.

Tomorrow, when every motor on the place wheezed and strangled and died, there would be wrath and consternation. Perhaps it would all be useless—perhaps she was being a quixotic fool! But to sit and do nothing while those little green trees were sent to their death—

She left one little car untouched. It was unlocked, farthest from the house—it started without unnecessary noise. She let it roll quietly out of the service yard and down the sandy drive before she turned on the lights. In the thin moonlight the road down to the point looked hostile and terrifying, but she had no time to be afraid. She did not miss the turns this time.

She left the lights glaring while she climbed the gate and ran breathlessly through the hot still planting of little trees.

The brown bungalow was dark. Burke felt a timorous shiver as she rapped on the door.

Suppose he looked at her with that patient indulgence men reserve for their women who are too pathetically

Next Week—

BEGINNING

MARRIAGE DRUMS

An Arabian-Nights Tale of a Princess, a
Slave, and a Mountain of Gold—and

EVERY WORD OF IT TRUE!

By

Joseph Dixon

as told to Don Wilkie

Formerly of the United States Secret Service

Also stories and articles by

Shirley Seifert, Clara Beranger, R. G. Kirk,
Adela Rogers St. Johns, Octavus Roy Cohen,
and others.

concerned about them? She had to dare that. A light flashed on.

He opened the door, all his hair disordered, his bare ankles brown above straw sandals.

"I'm being absurd again," Burke said breathlessly. "But—he's coming tomorrow. Bill Clayton has fixed everything—they're going to use this house for week-end parties. Dalton is marrying Beatrice—"

"Hadn't you better come in?" Jerry suggested. "The bugs are bad out here."

"There's a little time—I put sand in all the gasoline—they'll have to get mechanics up from Miami—" A wild pulse was beating in her throat. Jerry was looking at her—there was no guarded mask over his eyes; his look was a call and a cry. She twisted her hands helplessly. She would not cry—she would not! "Don't let them beat you, Jerry," she wailed. "Don't let them have this little house!"

Jerry held out his hands. But Burke choked, "No—no!" and pressed her fingers to her hot cheeks. And then they were aware of a tall figure, white-haired, in a limp bath robe, emerging from the bedroom.

"My father—the captain," Jerry said. The white-haired man bowed gallantly.

"This is Burke Ellis," Jerry went on. "She came to tell me that Tate has everything set to bust me."

The captain bowed again. He blinked, and Burke saw that his eyes were very blue and very gentle. "We've arranged that. We'll do the busting ourselves," he said. "The notes will all be paid when the bank opens tomorrow morning. America," he went on in a slightly oratorical tone, "must do something immediately about the rubber situation. We've permitted this monopoly long enough. As I said to Gerald only last night—"

But Burke and Jerry were not listening. For Jerry was saying very intently, "My father came down to tell me—there's been an annulment—in Paris. It's being confirmed in New York—"

"Jerry," she whispered. "Jerry!"

Jerry swung her around. "I should have told you,

sir. I'm marrying Burke. She's going to learn to cook in a blue skillet. We'll get along—you see, bananas are very nourishing—and take eggs. Simple! We're getting married right away, sir—I don't trust this Tate fellow. He has a yearning for the things other men want."

The captain looked slightly bewildered. He cleared his throat sharply. But these two rapt persons, lost in looking into each other's eyes, were unaware of him. He waited a moment and then clumped back to bed. At his age a man needed plenty of sleep.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1—Who was Ishtar? | 11—In what year was the Anti-Saloon League of America formed? |
| 2—What language rivals English as the most widely spoken tongue? | 12—What is the oldest colonial possession of Great Britain? |
| 3—Who was Beau Brummell? | 13—What is the largest Central American republic? |
| 4—What was the Domesday Book? | 14—What is the capital of Afghanistan? |
| 5—Who was Friar Tuck? | 15—What is the population of Alaska? |
| 6—Who wrote The Gold Bug? | 16—What are fens? |
| 7—What was the first representative assembly in America? | 17—What is an aquamarine? |
| 8—When was the siege of Quebec? | 18—What is a coot? |
| 9—What does the name Massachusetts mean? | 19—Who wrote Madame Bovary? |
| 10—What was Commodore Perry's flag? | 20—Who is called the father of history? |

(Answers will be found on page 55)

What dentifrice is most truly economical to use?

(See page 55 for the answer)

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5 ways

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM



The Haunted on Beacon Street

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

TWENTY years ago, had I been asked if there was such a thing as a haunted house, I would unhesitatingly have answered in the negative. Today—well, I'll give the facts and leave it to the reader to decide.

One of the most unusual things about the house I'm going to describe to you is the high standing of the persons who relate their experiences. For obvious reasons I shall refrain from giving their true names. With this exception I vouch for the truth of the story in every particular, and the signed statements and depositions of occupants and servants are on file in my office at 719 Boylston street, Boston.

The house itself is on Beacon Street in Boston's Back Bay district. The lessee, whom I will call Mr. George Chapin, is a Harvard alumnus, wealthy and the president of an immense business corporation. He is a prominent lay official of one of the important Boston churches and is a man of integrity and social standing.

Mrs. Chapin is a cultured, refined woman possessing an analytical mind. She is utterly devoid of superstition and is held in the highest esteem by all who know her.

The employees of the household were superior in education to the usual run of servants.

None of the characteristics of the traditional "haunted house" are apparent in this imposing structure. It is a massive four-story edifice. The high-studded rooms, though, are dismal and gloomy in contrast with the attractive exterior, and the furnishings are elegant but *passé*. It was erected about 1870.

To the left of a large entrance hall is the drawing-room, and to the right the immense dining room opens upon a small octagonal room. A spacious staircase leads from the broad entrance hall to the second, third, and fourth stories. *This is the only stairway in the house.*

On the second story, over the drawing-room, is the library. Over the dining room is a chamber, and leading from this is a bathroom; on the opposite side is a closet with a door leading into the hall. A dressing room is connected with the chamber, with no entrance except through the larger room.

The third story is identical; only, a large hall at the head of the stairs had been converted into a room with no doorway into the hall, but with a door leading to a closet of the front room. This front room was occupied by Eleanor, two years old, and her nurse. A door also led into the back room over the second-story chamber where Gene, six, and Billie, four, slept. The converted

"One night I saw at the foot of my bed a man and a woman. The man was old, smooth-shaven. The woman was young, dark, slight."

room was reserved by the owner, Mrs. Halleck, as a store-room. *It was always locked,* the owner retaining the keys.

In the rear of the boys' bedroom, with no entrance into the hall, was another chamber, occupied by the children's governess. On the fourth floor were the children's playroom and the maids' sleeping quarters; also another bathroom. Part of the playroom was utilized for storing trunks.

There were no electric fixtures, the entire house being lighted with gas, and heavy chandeliers were suspended from the ceilings of all rooms on the first two floors.

The house was rented furnished. All floors and the stairs were heavily carpeted. No footfall was audible.

Now I'm going to let Mrs. Chapin tell you what happened—and her statement is a verbatim report.

During the latter part of October (said Mrs. Chapin) our house was destroyed by fire and we were forced to find



House

*How Would YOU Explain
These Uncanny Horrors Which Baffled
a Boston Churchman and His Cul-
tured, Aristocratic Wife?*

By DR. WALTER
FRANKLIN
PRINCE

As told to
H. H. TAYLOR



*The apparition
of a woman in
black, as Mrs.
Chapin is con-
vinced she saw
it four times.*

a suitable dwelling place hurriedly. We decided upon the Beacon Street house.

Even before we moved in a peculiar incident occurred. The owner, Mrs. Halleck, was showing us through. When she came to the door of the storeroom which she had reserved, she unlocked it and insisted that Mr. Chapin enter.

"Look around and see everything here," she said peremptorily. "Do you see anything?"

My husband smiled. "I see a great deal of furniture, but we shall not need it or require the room."

But she was insistent. "I want you to be sure that you see *everything* that there is in this room."

My husband nodded and turned away, and Mrs. Halleck locked the door and placed the keys in her pocket.

On November 15 we moved into the house, but as there were some repairs to be made to the

furnace, we left the children temporarily with their grandmother.

The first weird thing that attracted my attention was in the dining room. At the far end of the room was a mammoth mirror facing the door. There was also a large mirror over each of the two mantelpieces on the left side.

On the mirror nearest to the door was *the print of a man's hand*. No cleansing and scrubbing could efface it. Sinister and gray, it was always before us, the first object to attract the eye when seated at the table.

We had been in the house but a few days when one morning I heard footsteps in the room which I had planned for my boys. I hurried upstairs but the room was empty.

On November 25 we sent for the children and at the same time I brought my dog into the house.

From the very first the animal acted strangely. He refused to go upstairs. The only way I could get him to my room on the second floor was to carry him. For hours he would sit at the foot of the stairs, growling and barking. (During some of the manifestations the dog would walk incessantly up and down the stairs to the playroom, his hair standing on end.)

Often while in the library reading Mr. Chapin would hear what he assumed was the servants walking up and down stairs—the heavily carpeted stairs—and it annoyed him. He would go out into the hall and find no one there.

The children soon grew pale and listless and lost their appetites. They deserted the playroom and begged to be allowed to play and have lessons in their bedroom.

One night I was awakened by the sound as of a heavy door slamming. George roused and exclaimed, "What was that?" I answered that it was only the door of the room; but instantly I realized that this could not be.

Just before daylight I was startled by heavy footsteps apparently going down a stairway behind the wall at the head of my bed. *But there was no stairway there.*

Instantly there followed crashes as though pots and pans were being struck together or against the kitchen range. At once I appreciated that it would have been impossible for me to hear any noise from the kitchen.

What was it? I was not alarmed, but I was puzzled.

One morning about eleven o'clock I went into the dining room. As I entered I beheld, coming toward me from the far end of the room, a strange woman. She was dark-haired and was garbed wholly in black.

It was startling, of course, but I advanced steadily to meet her, when in a flash she disappeared. In her place I saw in the mirror a reflection of myself, but dressed in a *light-colored* silk waist.

I decided it was an illusion, but I wondered how the lights and mirrors could have deceived me. On three more occasions I saw this same woman and the vision always terminated in the view of myself in the mirror.

A FEW evenings afterward George went for a stroll with the dog. Before leaving the house he extinguished all the lights except that in the hall. As he passed the house he was surprised to observe a light burning in the octagonal room—a room which we seldom used and never lighted. On returning, he went at once to put out the light. The room was in utter darkness.

The next morning Jean Anderson, a Scotch nurse who had been with me for several years, came to me looking worn and pale. I asked how the children had slept.

The girl shuddered. "It's been a terrible night. Don't you know what the matter is with this house, Mrs. Chapin? It's haunted."

"That's nonsense," I said.

"I'd have said the same three months ago," she admitted, "but everyone in the house has had experiences."

"Well, just what have *you* experienced?"

"A good many things. Last night, while you were at the opera, Billie came screaming through the hall to my room. He was in abject terror."

"Don't let that big fat man touch me!" he implored. He stayed the rest of the night in my room.

"Fräulein slept beside Gene in Billie's bed and, while he did not awaken, the muscles of his face twitched continuously. In the morning he reproached the governess:

"Why have you been sitting on top of me?" he asked.

"You *have* been, and you were awfully heavy, too."

"He was dreaming," I said.

The nurse shook her head. "Mrs. Chapin, have you never heard the footsteps along the hall in the evening? Often, when Fräulein and I have been sitting quietly talking, we have heard the heavy tread of an old man walking slowly and steadily along the hall on the floor above us. Frequently I hear the tramp of heavy footsteps across the playroom floor. I heard it a week ago."

"During the night the bedclothes have been jerked off my bed and I have been struck on the shoulder. One night I saw sitting at the foot of my bed a man and a woman. The man was old, smooth-shaven, and a little bald. The woman was young, dark, slight, and she wore a large picture hat. Suddenly I felt a touch on my shoulder and the man and the woman faded away."

"*The noises from the storeroom are tremendous.* It sounds as though the furniture was being piled up against the door. Then there are long and fearful wails and sighs."

There was no question of the woman's sincerity.

"Who is supposed to be haunting the house?" I asked.

"I don't know who they are, but there are two of them: the old man and the young lady. I hear her rustling skirts as she follows me in the halls."

TO prevent the children being frightened at night, I decided that they should not sleep alone in a room. In making the necessary rearrangements a high bureau in Fräulein's room was moved, and a portrait of a young woman which had been concealed behind it was revealed.

Jean Anderson stared at the picture.

"That is the woman who was at the foot of my bed!" she exclaimed in startled tones. "Who is she?"

Later I learned that it was the portrait of a daughter of the house who had died some years before.

The next person to come to me was the governess, Fräulein Freimann, who told me of hearing the heavy footsteps at night and the din in the locked storeroom.

Every servant had uncanny happenings to relate. All had felt something creep around the bed and then over them. This did not occur every night and *never happened to them all on the same night.*

An extra maid I had employed at Thanksgiving time had been almost paralyzed with fright, she said, because something had crept around her bed and then over her.

Lizzie Harrigan, the waitress, told me that one Sunday evening while we were dining out she heard three distinct knocks on a window in the dining room. She looked out but saw nothing. The windows were too high for anyone standing on the ground to reach them.

Fräulein consulted a priest, who said such things had been known to happen but were nothing to fear.

The next day I found that the two doors leading into the mysterious storeroom bore the sign of the cross in water. A large portrait of Joshua Halleck, in the playroom, had also been sprinkled.

We wished to learn the history of this house, and George got in contact with a former tenant, a Mrs. Marsh.

"I was forced to vacate it because of inexplicable disturbances," she said. Her experience had been almost identical with ours. Her servants had seen persons clad in purple and white creeping around their beds.

And this imposing mansion in an aristocratic section of Boston had been tenantless for ten years.

In our case, the eerie sensations connected with the beds continued. On one occasion the nurse got the impression that someone was rolling a sheet under her, as though in the act of remaking the bed of a sick person.

Kate Cranston, a chambermaid (who made a deposition), sensed the presence of someone in her room followed by a noise as though a chair had been thrown down violently. Night after night she lay awake because someone was at her bed "shuffling the bed clothing." Then she would feel as though someone were pushing her out of bed. "One night," her deposition continues, "I felt someone walk right across my chest. . . . I often heard someone scuffling along the hallway. I also heard noises in the sewing room, which was locked at night." Once she had heard a bell ringing there.

On several nights my husband was aroused from sleep

by a bell ringing. There was no one at either door. One night he was awakened by hearing a fire engine dash up the street and stop near by. He hurried to the window to find the street silent and deserted.

At another time he awoke in the middle of the night feeling as though someone were trying to strangle him.

On January 18 the children seemed unusually listless and I telephoned for Dr. Henry Jackson. He was out, but I left word for him to call when he returned. In the meantime George and I went for a walk and stopped at the home of his brother Charles, who advanced the theory that we were all being poisoned. He telephoned Professor Sedgwick, but he was out of the city. His assistant, Franz Schneider of the Department of Biology and Public Health at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, came to our house and went over it from top to bottom. He found the furnace in a very bad condition. The fumes, instead of going up the chimney, were pouring carbon monoxide gas into our rooms. This, he said, could produce hallucinations.

A little later Dr. Jackson arrived and confirmed Mr. Schneider's opinion. We were being poisoned, he said, and should not remain in the house another night.

To find other accommodations at once for the entire household seemed impossible; so we decided to send away the children and nurses immediately, while Mr. Chapin and I and the servants would remain. We assured the servants that there were no ghosts in the house; that everything was now explained. The windows would be left wide open and we would all have a quiet and peaceful night.

We were very much mistaken.

In the morning the servants appeared hollow-eyed and frightened. The ghostly footsteps had maintained a ceaseless tread for hours and "the thing" had crept around their beds. This was Sunday morning, January 19, a bright and sunny day. My husband declared that no one should sleep in the house another night. We sent the servants to their various homes for the time being.

At one o'clock George and I left the house, taking the dog with us. We strolled until four o'clock and then returned. We had decided to spend the night at the home of Mr. Chapin's brother and had ordered David, the chauffeur, to come for us at seven o'clock.

George unlocked the front door and we entered. The servants had departed. We carefully inspected the house from top to basement. It was then dark and we lighted the gas in the halls of the first two stories and in the library and in our sleeping apartment. We got out our suitcases and began to pack.

Suddenly we heard the tramp, tramp of heavy footsteps apparently ascending a staircase on the other side of the hall. Then a door slammed. The footsteps crossed the room over our heads. George hurried to the upper floors. There was nothing to explain the footsteps.

MY husband went into the library to read while I remained in my room. Once more I heard the footsteps, this time going *down* the non-existent stairway.

Just then my husband called to me that there was someone walking across the floor of the room above. With each step a big chandelier over the library table shook perceptibly and audibly. Again George went up to the room over the library, and to me, in the room below, the footsteps seemed to be in the room with him. Upon his return he told me that he had distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's dress behind him. He turned quickly but could see nothing. He grew angry.

"If you are the devil himself, I'll find out who you are," he muttered aloud.

Instantly he received a sharp slap on the side of his cheek.

He raced after the steps, which seemed to pass *through the wall*. Pressing his ear against it, he could hear footfalls walking down a stairway *in the next house*.

As we dressed for dinner we were startled by three

crashes, as if someone were splitting wood in the basement. The car had arrived, and we knew that David must be in the cellar. Mr. Chapin hurried down there.

"Why are you splitting wood, David?" he asked.

"I haven't been," David denied. "I heard them three crashes and I thought it was you did it upstairs."

My husband came up and announced it was time for us to go. We extinguished the lights and went downstairs, and Mr. Chapin said: "I'll go down and call David."

I sat on a large settle facing the front door. I had almost fallen asleep when I was aroused by three heavy poundings in the basement directly beneath where I was sitting.

In a moment Mr. Chapin and David stood before me.

"What's the matter?" asked George anxiously. "Why did you pound the floor three times?"

"I didn't. I thought you must be nailing boxes."

George picked up the suitcases.

"Come," he said, "it is time we left this house."

THIS concludes Mrs. Chapin's account. Mr. Chapin indorses it as "a true record of events."

In an article in Science Mr. Schneider, after reviewing briefly the occurrences in the Beacon Street house, writes that a comparatively simple and mechanistic solution of the problem soon appeared. "For the most serious symptoms," he concludes, "the responsibility must be thrown on carbon monoxide. . . . The inhabitants were bathed in an atmosphere of diluted flue gases. . . . It seems probable that the belief in walking spirits was nourished by real noises coming from an adjoining house. Any such noises would, of course, be likely to be exaggerated in the minds of

persons wakened in the night while suffering from carbon monoxide poisoning."

Dr. W. H. Wilmer offers a similar explanation. In a subsequent letter to the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, a distinguished Boston clergyman, he writes:

In regard to the auditory hallucinations experienced by several people at the same time, I have thought perhaps there was some actual auditory stimulus which was markedly exaggerated by the congested auditory centers in the people involved—perhaps the creaking of the furniture, the cracking of walls . . . or some distant noise in the street. The fat man, I fancy, was partly suggestion.

Mrs. Chapin replied to Dr. Worcester as follows:

The sounds we heard the afternoon of the day we left the house were decidedly the sounds of footsteps and heavy pounding. . . . Several weeks after we had left the house we learned from the gentleman who lived in the adjoining house that his stairway did not come against our wall where we heard the footsteps; that he, too, had sometimes heard the sounds at night and had traced them to our house. . . .

The persons living in the adjoining house presumably were not suffering from the effects of carbon monoxide.

Mr. Chapin at the time was conducting a big business successfully without suffering any illusions or hallucinations, except when he was in that house or about it.

The bedchamber visitations described by the servants occurred one after another, never simultaneously. Is this not strange, if they were the result of poisonous gas? And is it not equally strange that so many different persons should have the identical hallucination at precisely the same moment?

Furthermore, how could gas fumes enable Jean Anderson to conjure up a vision of a young lady who was dead and whom she had never seen, so accurately that she immediately identified her from a picture?

Why the peculiar actions of the dog? Did carbon monoxide affect his mentality?

I'd just like to add that a resolute attempt to find medical data showing that victims of such poisoning are liable to such hallucinations has failed.

THE END



MIMI

*The Revealing
Story of a Radio
Star's Romance—
You Read the First
Part Last Week; Here
Is the Stirring Conclusion*

By
**GRACE
PERKINS**

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Her eyes roved the brilliant gay room, and rested finally on Michael Gardiner.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 5 seconds.)

MIMI BENTON, abandoned by her sweetheart, wealthy Michael Gardiner, is forced to permit others to adopt her new-born baby, Sally. Sore and embittered, she determines to make men pay and pay. She gets a job as chorus girl, sings in a night club, and soon becomes one of the most notorious and beautiful lights of the demiworld. Entering a radio studio in pursuit of an intended male victim, she impulsively carries through an "Aunt Jennie Hour" for children when the scheduled speaker falls in a faint. Although her impromptu radio appearance goes over big, she faces a blast of wrath from Andrew Cummings, a high official in the broadcasting studio, for fear the Pure Foods company will cancel its contract if it leaks out that notorious Mimi impersonated Aunt Jennie.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

MIMI turned as Cummings half seemingly reached for the phone, and she gathered that somebody important was calling.

She crossed hastily to pick up her purse and start for the door. She heard Cummings snap his fingers, call her by name, but she didn't look back. Out of the office she went, unaware of the faces that peered with greedy curiosity at her, walked to the elevator, and went home. Took a good stiff drink, changed her clothes, called someone to take her to dinner. She played her show, and laughed at a telegram from Andrew Cummings. He must see her after the show? Like fun he must!

She changed after the show and refused to see Andrew Cummings. Finding him outside her dressing room, she

turned and laughed at him. "I suppose I should be sorry I ruined your little outfit," she flung at him. "But I'm not. And you can go to hell and take the broadcasting station with you. Come on, boys."

Off she went to the night club where she performed again. And Andrew Cummings followed her. But the tighter Mimi got on whisky and nerves, the more she laughed at him. Until at last, realizing the uselessness of talking to her, and dreading a scene, Andrew Cummings got up and left.

But the next morning he was at her apartment. And the president of his newest client's company was with him!

Mimi took two hours to breakfast, bathe, and dress, and then she saw them. Listened, and softened. They wanted her to broadcast again. They'd keep her identity quiet. It could be managed. Her program the night before had been a riot.

At five o'clock that afternoon Mimi broadcast again. She wanted no script. She never was known to want a script. For almost a year you and your children heard Mimi Benton's voice as Aunt Jennie.

She talked to the kids as she had longed to talk to her own lost Sally, and played and laughed with them. All her broadcasting salary and more went to the kids—sending them dolls and toys and making their wishes come true; organizing parties and insisting that they be carried out. For Mimi would recklessly promise anything to her little listeners—a picnic in the park, a baseball game, a visit to the circus. And in every city there was a make-believe Aunt Jennie who chaperoned these

KE



She caught his look of horror and recognition, but her eyes held his.

mobs of kids and managed the parties at Mimi's expense.

In New York it was Deborah Spaulding who was officially Aunt Jennie; Deborah's pale, unemotional face that was published as Aunt Jennie's until Mimi violently protested. She hated Deborah. Deborah had no children and would likely never have. Who was she to say how they should be educated? Besides, Deborah got all the breaks. It was she who, as Aunt Jennie, visited the hospitals and orphan asylums and homes, scattering Mimi's gifts. And how Mimi longed to go herself! But that was *verboten*! Imagine Mimi Benton ever appearing anywhere as Aunt Jennie of the Pure Foods!

Mimi had to content herself with the letters. She read every crumb of her fan mail—or thought she did. When the station realized that she intended actually to mother the world, they didn't let her know that twelve to eighteen thousand letters was an ordinary response to the Aunt Jennie hour. They sent her a few hundred, and these little scribbles and badly printed words Mimi puzzled out with laborious patience, and tried not to favor the girls in her answers and her absurdly extravagant gifts.

Within six months Mimi had put aside in a special in-laid box twenty-two hundred letters signed Sally. Twenty-two hundred Sallys; and those Sallys got the break—favoritism or no favoritism. Who could tell but perhaps one of those little scrawls was written by the tense pudgy hand of her own child? Of these twenty-two hundred, one thousand and six Sallys were the same age as her own kid. She wrote and asked for their pictures, and brooded over the amateur snapshots or the photographers' masterpieces and wondered. She wrote and asked the day

and date of these Sallys' births, installing a voluminous birthday-card index system as an excuse. Yet that too was discouraging. What could one do with four hundred and twenty-six Sallys who wrote the correct answer? What child of nearly four would know where it was born or how; or perhaps know whether its parents were its parents or not? And who was to be sure her own Sally was in this city at all—or living, for that matter?

SINCE so surprisingly few knew the identity of Aunt Jennie, and those few found it exceedingly astute of themselves to pretend ignorance, Mimi's constant hovering around the big broadcasting station gave rise to the report of the conquest of Andrew Cummings. Mimi laughed. There was less between Andrew and herself than any man she had known in the last four years. She seldom saw him, and then only in the presence of witnesses, for Andrew Cummings wasn't born yesterday morning, and he could face *sotto-voce* gossip as long as nobody could prove a single moment alone with his phantom love. It amused Mimi to what lengths Andrew went to surround himself with innocence.

But Mimi had changed. Less raucous, less angry and harsh, the famed heartbreak in her voice held a quiver of pleading, a strange humility, and a deeper longing.

But as hope died within her she grew restless, and finally she resorted to more and more of the old excitement to drown her thoughts—her contempt for herself for having been trapped by sentiment; for having hoped for one second that she might find Sally. How could she? Why should she? Once she had handed Sally over into



Her doorbell rang. Cummings stood there, his secretary beside him.

the unknown, what God would ever give her back the baby she had given away?

The station began to worry. An Aunt Jennie with a heavy hang-over, her throat and soul hot with whisky, might be a desperate danger, however great her charm, however sweet her words, however tender her songs. Andrew Cummings stood outside the glass door in a cold sweat and tried to summon enough courage to fire her. The president of the Pure Foods stepped in and demanded her resignation.

Mimi went on a seventy-two-hour bat, only to find Andrew Cummings along with two doctors ready to groom her to return to the mike. The holler and protest which had arisen from her young audience during her absence was too violent to ignore or deny.

"Aunt Jennie" went back on the air. The voice the kids loved faltered as it explained she had been ill because she had been naughty and all naughty people were pun-

ished, just as little children are punished with a mean stomach ache when they eat too much candy and soda.

And Mimi showed up at her night club that night seemingly the same as ever. Back in harness. Her poise regained, her sharp scathing tongue at work, her luminous unbelieving eyes as smoldering as ever.

It's just too bad that the manager had to amble up to her as she stood behind the black curtains waiting for the master of ceremonies to get off his introductory cracks, and tell her that Michael Gardiner and a most important group of friends had just arrived. "Senator Gardiner, you know, the son of—"

"What the hell do I care?" snapped Mimi with sudden fury, and the little manager mumbled and hurried away, his heart palpitating for fear he had put his foot in it.

MIMI, behind the black curtains, drew one drape back a hair's breadth and looked through. To Michael Gardiner and his friends being seated. Senator! Senator Gardiner? Why, she hadn't been keeping track! She had half forgotten him in her soupy sentimentality of the past half year over Sally. That's where she had been wrong. Loving Sally could bring her nothing—nothing. But hating Mike could bring her grand satisfaction and revenge. Senator Gardiner, eh? Well, we'll see!

The orchestra had played the vamp twice before she recognized her entrance cue, and Mimi took a deep breath, parted the curtains and walked down to sit on the little step that raised the stage platform from the dance floor. Sit as usual, her arms around her knees, and wait for the ovation to quiet. Her eyes rested on Michael Gardiner. She caught his look of horror and recognition, but her eyes held his.

"Too many tears," she began softly, and sang it to him. Obviously. Directly.

"Each night I go to bed
I lay awake and shed
Too many tears.
Your memory is bringing me
Too many tears.
Too many years
I wasted loving you,
And you know I was true—too many years.

I cared a lot.
 What have I got?
 Too many tears.
 I know I should have found a new love,
 And don't think I didn't try.
 But I found a number two love
 Never seemed to satisfy. I'll never learn
 To smile again and sing.
 I gave you everything,
 And in return
 What did you leave for souvenirs?
 Too many tears."

Never once did her luminous sorrowful eyes leave his face as she told him with all the ache of her trembling soul what knowing him had meant—too many tears.

There was no applause as she finished; only a strange deadly silence in that huge room of joy and high jinks. Those at Mike's table were restless and embarrassed. Mike himself, his head thrown slightly back, was staring at Mimi like a man bewitched. Mimi rose, came down the little step, and began, without the slightest sign to the orchestra, a song she had never sung before a visible audience:

Won't You Come Back to the Alley, Sally? And her eyes told Michael all the things she had been storing up to say in four long, bitter years.

THE manager was frantic. Orders flew to the waiters—to start action. One nervous, timid waiter dropped an entire tray of bottles and glasses with a terrific smash.

The audience jumped. Mimi looked up, realized where she was and what she had been doing.

"Come on, everybody," she called. "Sing it with me. We'll sing all the old-timers.

"Won't you come back to the alley, Sally? . . ."

The master of ceremonies helped, and presently half the room was singing with Mimi. The master of ceremonies picked up the idea and started In the Good Old Summer Time; East Side, West Side . . .

Mimi vanished.

Fifteen minutes later Michael Gardiner made his excuses to his table and left the club.

Outside stood Mimi at the open door of her limousine.

Without hesitation he turned from her and hastened to a waiting cab. Mimi laughed, entered her car, and trailed Michael. Evidently he realized it, for before many blocks his cab veered to another course. He stopped before the University Club and entered before her car had driven to the curb. Mimi shrugged. She couldn't follow him in there, huh?

From the notebook that was part of the silver accessories of her car she tore off some paper and wrote:

MIKE—There's no use dodging me now. I've been biding my time. But now I'm going to make you pay for all the unhappiness you've caused me—and others!

SALLY.

She demanded one of the club's envelopes from the doorman, sealed her note, and asked that it be delivered to Senator Gardiner.

"I like your cheek!"



*Face smooth all day long
 when you shave in the morning
 with small bubble lather!*

To get at the bottom of this shaving business—let's start at the bottom of the whisker itself. That's where a whisker *ought* to come off. That's where it *does* come off—with Colgate's.

Small bubble lather does it. Gets down to the base of every last hair. Softens it *at* the base,

where the razor can take it off clean. That's the difference between a Colgate shave and others.

Try it. Shave with Colgate's in the morning. Keep that well-groomed, fresh-from-the-razor look all day long.

Soap Lather does not make messy washbowls and greasy razors.



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 Dept. 276, P. O.
 Box 81, Hudson Terminal
 Station, New York City. Residents of Canada, address Dept.
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Please send me for the 4c enclosed, the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—enough for 10 shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

At home, she called off a party and waited. Back and forth she paced, waiting. Ill with nerves, his face haunting her, reflected in every object she touched, in the bottom of every glass she drained, in the flame that lit every cigarette. She knew Mike would take action of some sort—and quickly. He might be a coward about facing public scenes, but he'd be no coward in fighting her when it came to a show-down—or she was very much mistaken.

Three o'clock and her doorbell rang. Icy with a fear she couldn't understand, Mimi opened the door.

Andrew Cummings stood there, his pale-faced goggle-eyed secretary beside him.

She barely heard what Cummings said. In silence she stared at him and tried to listen. He had been apprised of the scene at the night club and had been searching for her. He and he only, perhaps, could guess what was behind that breath-taking scene, but couldn't she realize what she was doing?

Why not drop the whole matter and let the gentleman go his way in peace? She would ruin herself in ruining him. If the gentleman had made a mistake in his past, so had she made plenty of mistakes, and if the truth must be known she couldn't stand much more scandal.

Mimi brushed away his arguments with a vague gesture of her hands, turned her back on him to gaze out over the city. She heard Cummings rise and mumble his leave, insisting that he'd have no more to do with her, that all the sympathy would be with the gentleman whose reputation was admirable and who had many powerful friends.

Still she paid no heed, and at the door Cummings hesitated.

"The gentleman concerned," said Andrew, who would never be indiscreet enough to mention names before his secretary, "is sailing with his family for Europe tomorrow morning. That was a farewell party you interrupted. I thought you might like to know. Leave him alone, Mimi, if you know what's good for you. If you don't, I'm through—you'll never broadcast again."

He was gone before Mimi turned to stare at the empty space where he had stood. Her eyes blazed with fury. Mike was sailing, was he? He had powerful friends and an admirable reputation and she'd better keep hands off, huh? Like hell she would!

MIMI called a newspaper friend on the phone to get the names of the ships that would sail that morning. Only two, and it was obvious which one Mike would take.

All right. Fine. She'd face him right there before the ship news reporters. Tell them a thing or two that would put Mike's name and picture on the front pages.

By nine o'clock the next morning Mimi was dressed and at the dock. The ship didn't sail until eleven, but she wasn't going to miss any chance. In the face of what had happened it was likely that Mike might slip aboard and refuse interviews.

At ten o'clock she feared this had happened, and cajoled

the purser into letting her know Mike's stateroom. Elbowed her way through the excited crowds to Suite A and knocked on the door.

A white-haired woman of inestimable dignity opened the door.

"I want to see Mike Gardiner," announced Mimi doggedly.

The white-haired woman regarded her quietly.

"Come in, Miss Benton," she said calmly.

Mimi's eyes hardened at the sound of her name, and she entered far enough for the woman to close the door.

"I'm Michael's mother," the white-haired lady told her slowly. "He—he isn't here yet. He had some business to attend to before he came aboard. I beg of you, Miss Benton, to leave him alone. You'll gain nothing by—"

"That's my business! What do you know about it?"

"I know everything about it," said Mike's mother quietly. "I was the one who separated you two in the first place, you may remember."

"You think maybe I've forgot? Forgot that you sent him to Europe and—"

"YES, I sent him to Europe." Mrs. Gardiner's calm was enough to freeze the words on Mimi's lips. "And for a while I thought I had acted unwisely. I thought it was possible that I had drawn the wrong conclusions and interfered in something that meant Michael's happiness. Then, eventually, I was proven right, and I was glad. When we heard of you and your reputation as Mimi Benton, I knew then, and so did Michael, that I had guessed you for what you were. We knew—"

"You knew nothing!" cried Mimi furiously. "You—"

"I don't care to hear about it."

"Well, you're going to hear about it. I don't care if the whole ship hears me. I don't care if the whole world hears me. You're going to hear about it—"

"Oh, no, she isn't!"

Mimi swung around and faced Michael who had entered from an adjoining room.

"Oh!" she laughed. "You were hiding in there, were you?"

"No, I wasn't hiding." Mike shook his head calmly. As he crossed directly to Mimi he gestured to his mother, who retired hastily from whence he had come. "I'm not hiding. I'm not afraid of you. Go ahead and tell the papers and the world what you please. If you succeed in running me out of politics I can still practice law. Half the world won't believe Mimi Benton. My word is as good as yours. But I won't use my word. I won't tell about you. There's a third party involved that would in decency demand my silence. I wouldn't tell how you deserted your kid—your kid and mine—left it behind so that you could go out and lead the kind of glory you've reveled in."

"Mike!"

"You thought I didn't know?" He went on quietly, but the suffering in his eyes measured Mimi's. "Well, I'll tell you. When I came back from Europe I did everything to trace you. I wanted you so, Sally. I couldn't forgive myself for having broken with you and left you.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

★	E	S	I	N	A	L	A	R	G	E
M	I	U	C	T	E	D	A	S	E	S
U	P	D	R	I	A	L	G	E	C	E
I	S	N	E	E	W	O	R	R	R	C
G	R	O	P	H	D	U	L	M	E	L
L	O	C	M	T	●	R	D	A	T	U
E	F	T	I	G	N	I	W	N	T	D
B	L	N	E	H	T	R	A	G	R	E
P	O	E	M	N	R	E	V	O	A	D
R	O	H	C	S	G	N	I	N	I	H
E	W	T	N	A	N	I	E	S	U	O

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.

Start at the ●

Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

I wanted to find you and tell you so. I received a letter one day," he went on slowly, "from the St. Mary's Home. Perhaps you don't know that the authorities won't let a child be placed out for adoption without the written permission of both parents."

"Mike—Mike—what did you do? Tell me! Don't look at me like that, Mike! I've tried to find her. She's all I care for. But I couldn't take care of her then—what did I have to give her? I went to hell because of her—trying to forget her."

"Mike," Mimi pleaded through her tears, "tell me. You know where she is. I can tell. You know! Tell me, please, please! I'll do anything you say."

She stood before him, broken, piteous, as she waited for some motion from him.

Gongs clanged. Shouts went up as the gangplank was lifted. Slowly the big ship moved away from the wharf.

But the two in Suite A were unaware of any of that as they faced each other.

"Mike—you wouldn't do that to me. I couldn't bear it. Mike, I'll never hurt you—I'd never hurt her. I'll go away and be nobody. They'll never hear of Mimi Benton."

His hands caught hold of her wrists.

"Oh, Sally!" he whispered brokenly. "I thought you didn't care. . . . I did you more wrong than I dreamed. . . . I left you and you went to hell. . . . I didn't understand. . . ."

"Daddy!"

Mike's body stiffened and he drew swiftly away.

"Daddy! Daddy! The boat's going!"

Their eyes met. "You have her!" whispered Mimi. "You've had her all the time?"

He nodded slowly.

"I—Mike, you'd let me see her? Just—see her?"

"Listen," he told her quickly. "Sally's ill. Hurt. Several months ago she fell off a tricycle. I'm taking her now to a doctor in Vienna who I'm sure can heal her and make her right again. But she—she mustn't be excited. You mustn't cry, Sally."

She bit back the tears, and shook her head in promise.

Followed him to the door of the adjoining room. Stood and gazed at the childish face in the bed.

"Who's that, daddy?" came the childish voice.

"That's a friend of mine. She's going to Europe with us—but she didn't expect to—did you?"

Mike turned, smiling, and Mimi caught up the smile and returned it with as much radiance as she could.

"Hardly," she laughed. "I haven't a stitch of clothes with me. Not even a valise."

She drew close to the bed, her eyes soaking in the details of the child's eyes, so like Mike's; her mouth, so like her own. The child stared at Mimi.

"Are you— Of course! Why, you're Aunt Jennie!" Sally's treble voice trembled with feverish excitement.

"You sound exactly like Aunt Jennie. I love Aunt Jennie. I listen to her every night. Every single night. I wrote to her too, only yesterday, to tell her I was going to Europe to get well, because I can't walk right now, you know. I wished so much she had come to see me, but she only goes to poor children. Daddy said I shouldn't be selfish and ask her to come to me too, because I had so much, you know. I can't have a radio on the ship, you see, and I'll miss Aunt Jennie so—"

"Oh, no, honey," Mimi managed with great care. "Because she'll be right with you all the way. I got your letter, and I came right to you."

"She isn't your Aunt Jennie," snorted Mike angrily. "She's—she's your mother, Sally."

The child frowned. "But my mother's dead," she said simply.

"She's your new mother," Mike insisted with an authority that astonished the three women of three generations in that spacious flower-filled cabin.

"Do you mean it?" gasped little Sally. "Oh, daddy, you're wonderful! You've always given me everything I've wanted. And I've wanted you most of all, Aunt Jennie. I've dreamed of you. And you are so beautiful—just like I dreamed! Would you kiss me, Aunt Jennie, just like you are my mother?"

THE END

**KNOWN
IN ADVANCE**

● The wear you get—the comfort you experience from Fortune Shoes is known in advance—proven in the Fortune Laboratory by exacting scientific tests. All leathers—all materials must prove their quality. The Fortune dealer in your vicinity gives you known value—laboratory tested quality. See the smart styling of the new summer Sport Shoes he is now showing. His name on request. Write Fortune Shoes, Nashville, Tenn.

The advertisement features a central black and white photograph of a laboratory setting. Two men are visible: one on the left, wearing a suit and tie, looking towards a piece of scientific equipment; and another on the right, wearing a light-colored shirt, operating the equipment. The equipment appears to be a shoe testing machine with various gauges and a shoe mounted on it. To the right of the photograph, there are two large, detailed illustrations of shoes. The top one is a high-top shoe with laces, and the bottom one is a low-top shoe. Both are shown from a side profile. The low-top shoe has the price "\$3.50" written on it. Below the low-top shoe, the word "and" is written, followed by "\$3".



FORTUNE SHOES

S-412
Black Calf
and White Elk



Edward G. Robinson and Helen Vinson in a scene from *The Little Giant*, a beer-baron and bond-racket film.

(Reading time:
10 minutes 40 seconds.)

DURING the past ten years we have been excitedly entertained by the homicidal enthusiasms of the liquor gangsters in the lower social stratum and beautifully stung by the financial racketeers in the upper stratum. It occurred to Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord, a pair of scenario hounds on the Warner lot, that it might be a nifty idea to turn these gangs loose on one another, so that all of us middle straites could enjoy the carnage of our syndicated enemies. This homeopathic formula of "like cures like" works out in one of the most hilarious films of the day. If Mr. Hoover had called upon Messrs. Mizner and Lord to come to the aid of the party, perhaps we wouldn't be in our present muddle.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE LITTLE GIANT

CAST
Bugs Ahearn, Edward G. Robinson; Ruth Wayburn, Mary Astor; Polly Cass, Helen Vinson; John Stanley, Kenneth Thomson; Edith, Shirley Grey; Al Daniels, Russell Hopton; Donald Hadley Cass, Berton Churchill; Gordon Cass, Donald Dillaway; Mrs. Cass, Louise Mackintosh; Frankie, Helen Mann. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by First National.

Election night. Bugs Ahearn (Edward G. Robinson) and his beer gang are listening in. Roosevelt is elected! Bad. "Well, I'm through," says Bugs. "I've got mine; now I'm going to cash in—society, culture, and the high-toned stuff." Bugs and Al (Russell Hopton) hop the Chief and beat it out to the Santa Barbara Bilt-

more, where they are about as much at home as a pair of fried eggs in a lace handkerchief.

Bugs buys a swell wardrobe, a yacht, a string of polo ponies. Funny? Well, nobody with a barrel of money is a hopeless joke, so he is taken on a romantic adventure by Polly Cass, socialite (Helen Vinson), and on several romantic adventures by her dad (Berton Churchill). Incidentally the elder Cass has gypped Ruth Wayburn (Mary Astor) out of her fortune, so she rents her beautiful Montana estate to Bugs and sets out to help put him over socially. Cass finally sells Bugs his bond business for \$600,000. When Bugs discovers that it is "merely a shell," he is so chagrined that he phones his

Arnold Gray, the crooner who doesn't croon, in Phantom Broadcast. In the photo with him is Vivienne Osborne.

gang in Chicago. "You've been successful in selling beer; come on out and help me sell phony bonds."

The fun begins. Armed to the teeth, the gang arrive, and in one whooping reel they make the president and directors of the bum bond company buy back their junk. As you may guess, Beauty in the person of Mary Astor clinches happily with the Beast in the final fade-out. It's a lively picture, mates, full of what are vulgarly known as belly laughs.

★ ★ ★ A BEDTIME STORY

CAST
René, Maurice Chevalier; Sally, Helen Twelvetrees; Victor, Edward Everett Horton; Paulette, Adrienne Ames; "Monsieur," Baby LeRoy; Max, Earle Foxe; Gabrielle, Leah Ray; Suzanne, Betty Lorraine; Louise, Gertrude Michael; Robert, Ernest Wood; General, Reginald Mason; Agent of Police, Henry Kolker; Henry Joudain, George MacQuarrie; Concierge, Paul Panzer. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Paramount.

The smiling Maurice Chevalier and the sour-visaged Edward Everett Horton—what a combination! Hand them the ucky-duki-est little baby in the world to bring up, and the combination of the three is a riot, with the two big stars fighting like heck to compete with the brightest darned baby you ever saw. That's about all there is to the story.

Maurice arrives in Paris and on his way from the station he stops and dates up three sweeties, to say nothing of his fiancée. But somebody has cached a baby in his car. What to do? Well, Monsieur Baby wins; Maurice and his dour manservant Eddie turn mother, and Maurice does everything but nurse the child. Comes Helen Twelvetrees as nurse, and both baby and



Maurice fall for her. Excitement results from the appearance of the cuties and the fiancée.

Never has Maurice shown such boyish charm and never has Eddie Horton been so seriously amusing. The weakness of the story is in not having a singing partner for Maurice. Helen is wistful and demure, but she is exasperatingly silent in songs that should be duets.

Of course Maurice can't help being a bit naughty, but altogether this is what would be called a "family" picture.

★ ★ ★ THE DEVIL'S BROTHER

CAST

Fra Diavolo, Marquis de San Marco, Dennis King; Lady Pamela, Thelma Todd; Lord Roeburg, James Finlayson; Zerlina, Lucille Brown; Lorenzo, Arthur Pierson; Matteo, Henry Armetta; Francesco, Matt McHugh; Lieutenant, Lane Chandler; Rita, Nena Quartero; Alessandro, Wilfred Lucas; Woodchopper, James C. Morton; Stanlio, Stan Laurel; Olivero, Oliver Hardy. Directed by Hal Roach. Produced by Hal Roach.

Here's something new—a comic opera in which the comics are not singers nor the singers comical. Stanlio (Laurel) and Olivero (Hardy), comic-opera wops, decide to turn bandits. The first person they attempt to hold up is the most famous bandit in Italy, Fra Diavolo (Dennis King). Dennis captures them and makes them his servants. He then holds up a stagecoach and robs Lady Pamela (Thelma Todd) of her jewels, but misses 500,000 francs which she has sewn in her petticoat. Dennis arrives incog at an inn and goes on the make for Thelma, an outrageous coquette. Does he get the francs? Don't make me blush. There's more to the story, but what of it? Dennis sings gloriously, but the fun is with Stan and Ollie, who pull some of the best gags of their gaggy career, ably assisted by the beautiful Thelma and the ridiculous Henry Armetta.

Best sequence: Stan and Ollie, a bit tight, get to laughing so hard they literally roll on the ground. If the opera were as good as the comedy this picture might have rated another star.



Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel with a lot of beer—or is it beer?—and baloney in *The Devil's Brother*.

An Hilarious Film of Racketeer Warfare—A Chevalier-Baby Riot, and Some Others

By
**ROB
WAGNER**

★ PHANTOM BROADCAST

CAST

Norman Wilder, Ralph Forbes; Elsa Evans, Vivienne Osborne; Grant Murdock, Arnold Gray; Laura Hamilton, Gail Patrick; Sandy Higgins, Big Boy Williams; Nancy, Pauline Garon; Joe Maestro, Rockliffe Fellows; Lefty, Carl Miller; Broadcast Manager, Harland Tucker; Artist, George Nash; Beth, Mary MacLaren; Model, Althea Henley; Police Lieutenant, George Hayes. Directed by Phil Rosen. Produced by Monogram.

This is the Cyrano de Bergerac theme applied to the radio. Ralph Forbes, a hunchback, is the manager of Arnold Gray, a famous radio crooner. Ralph, however, does the singing behind a screen, while Arnold pantomimes the vocal action and takes the bows. A swell story idea gummed up by dragging in a tiresome gangster plot. Except for Forbes, Vivienne Osborne, and Big Boy Williams, the acting is indifferent. Forbes gives a fine characterization, and his singing makes a lot of the real crooners sound like sissies.

Off the Screen—

For a time Anna May Wong went completely Hollywood. Then one day I got a phone call asking me to come down to Chinatown and dine with her and her family. She had

The charming Chevalier and the just-as-charming Adrienne Ames in A Bedtime Story, just a little naughty.

returned to the parental roof. "Yes," she said, "I became terribly tired of Hollywood. Everything there is so artificial. Even the houses seem like sets. So I decided to come back to Chinatown where I'd hear the truth."

Charlie Chaplin and I were making a quiet sneak away from his studio when his manager saw us and called me back. "For the love of Mike, don't let him get away today," he said. "We've got three hundred people waiting to shoot. If he doesn't work it will cost him eight thousand dollars."

"What did he say?" asked Charlie when I rejoined him.

I told him.

"Rob," Charlie answered, "I've worked years and years to be in a position where it would cost me eight thousand dollars to go whistling up the road. C'm'on!"

A fellow with long hair and beard appeared at the casting window of Paramount. "Well?" asked the fish-eyed clerk.

"I'm playing on the House of David baseball team," said the applicant. "I hear C. B. DeMille is going to shoot another Biblical picture, and I thought I might land a job as one of the twelve apostles."

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.

★★★—Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise.

The PRIVATE LIFE OF

Marie Dressler

The Producers' Terror—The Screen, and a "Find" Named Chaplin—Love and Loss—Shelved for Youth

by

ADELA
ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 24 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE rise of Marie Dressler from a fourteen-year-old trouper barnstorming with the Nevada Opera Company to her first pinnacle of fame and prosperity as a comédienne in musical shows on Broadway was chronicled by Miss St. Johns in last week's installment. The juvenile Marie had gone on the stage to support her family, her father, a temperamental music teacher, having failed and thrown the burden upon her frail little mother. Nevada of the opera company had hired Marie by letter—and wondered, when he saw her, what on earth could be done with her, so youthful, so big, and so green.

Her first part was Cigarette in *Under Two Flags*. Memorizing it nearly floored her, and then stage fright nearly did; both agonizing experiences have been repeated throughout her career. She managed to get by, and in time found herself and won recognition as Katisha in *The Mikado*. But she went to another company and thence to a third before being discovered by George Lederer, the producer who "made Broadway." He engaged her for a Lillian Russell show, and eventually put her at the head of the cast of *Lady Slavey*. The result was a Broadway hit with a record run. Marie had made good—was a star.

PART THREE—"I'M THROUGH"

A RIOTOUS success in *Tillie's Nightmare*.

Broke—but living at the Ritz. Touring Europe on a shoestring or *à la grande dame*.

Cooking spaghetti for Caruso, Godowsky, and Fritz Kreisler, who forthwith sang and played for their supper.

Buying bankrupt shoe companies to give shoes to the poor.

Starring with Weber and Fields.

Waiting in outer offices while managers slipped out the back door.

Riding in the Park with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

The twenty-five years of Marie Dressler's life which followed her first stardom in *Lady Slavey* contained just about everything in the way of ups and downs. Only, nothing could get Marie down!

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;

Weep, and you weep alone.

Those words, written by her friend Ella Wheeler Wilcox, were Marie's creed. They took some living up to, because Marie can get just as mad, just as hurt, just as discouraged as anybody else. But she did it.

And, up or down, she went right on registering the triumph of personality which is the real history of her life.

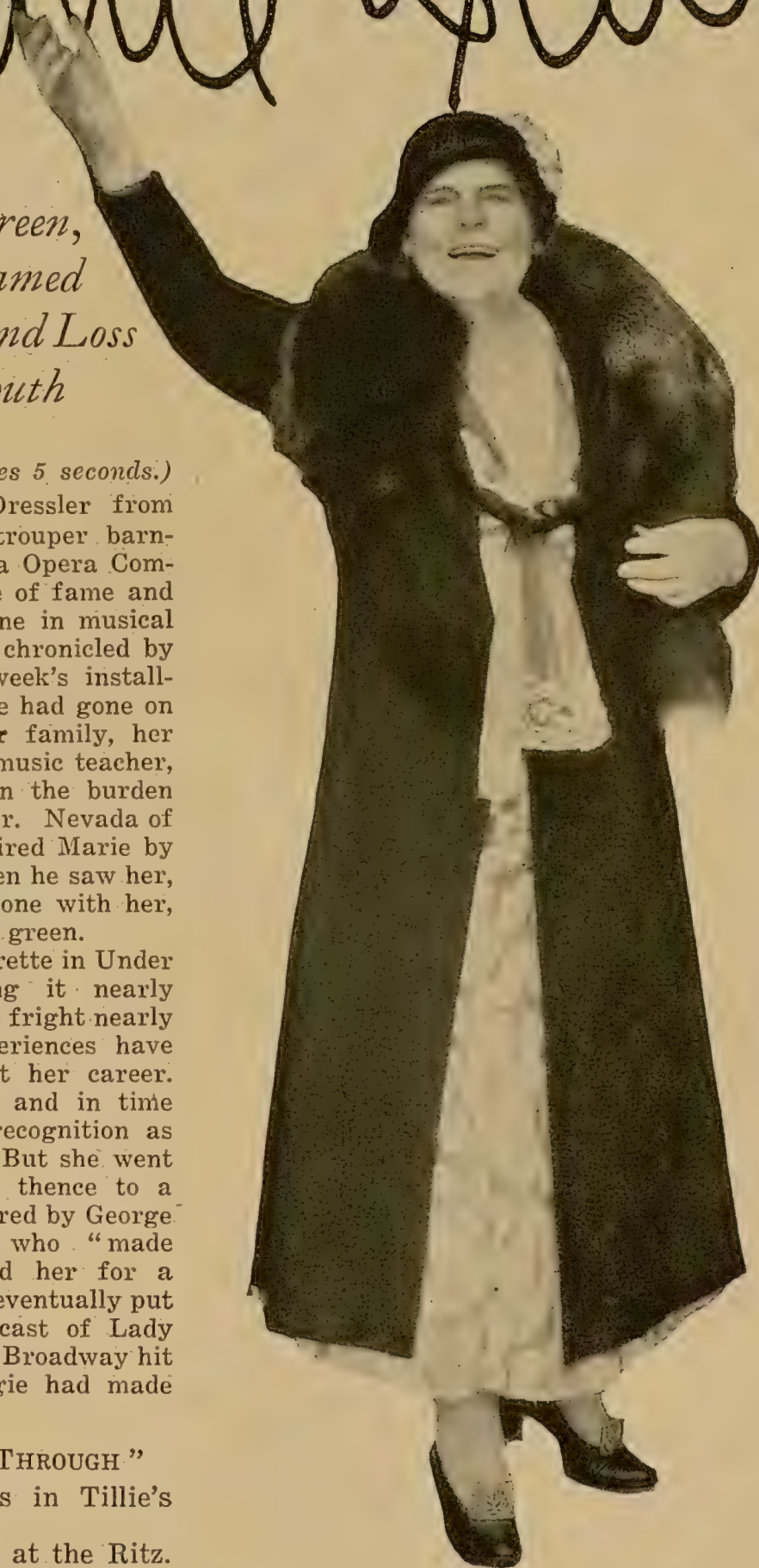
"Of all the people I have met," said Enrico Caruso, "she is the greatest personality. With Marie it is impossible not to enjoy life."

So, when he was the star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, he used to go three and four times a week to her apartment and sing madly until dawn. There, too, came Leopold Godowsky, great pianist, to play away his weary moods. And Fritz Kreisler with his magic violin.

"I have seen Emma three times," Kreisler wrote her recently from Europe. "I rejoice in it. I am prouder than ever that for so many years you have allowed me to call you friend."

It has been said that a man may consider himself lucky if he can count two real friends. Marie Dressler can count dozens. They are proof of her worth. And if she's your friend she's your friend, right or wrong. If you committed a murder, her first concern would be to get you out of trouble if possible.

Yet she made enemies, too. For she had always certain standards of life and conduct, and a self-respect that never hesitated between right and personal advantage.





Marie Dressler (center) in *The College Widower*, a Higgledy-Piggledy burlesque of George Ade's play.

And, it would be folly to deny, Marie has a temper that now and then blows off like the big gun on a battleship. Heaven protect you if you're within range.

Around the Lambs Club they still tell with chuckles of her famous battle with Jake Shubert.

Marie was then in the Winter Garden show. There were no Sunday-night performances, but the Shuberts had got around that by presenting a series of "Sunday night concerts" in which the Winter Garden artists appeared. It was regarded by artists who gave eight shows a week as an imposition and, in spirit at least, a breach of the contract agreements.

One Saturday matinée Jake appeared in Marie's dressing room and told her that she had been billed to appear the following Sunday evening.

Two seconds later the company was astounded to see Jake Shubert flying across the stage, through the passageway behind the boxes, and up the aisle of the empty theater. Two leaps behind him came Dressler, armed with a large stage brace.

Needless to say, Marie Dressler did *not* appear at the Sunday night concert.

It was a disagreement with A. L. Erlanger that on several occasions probably kept Marie from playing in New York. For Abe Erlanger was czar of the American theater, and if he was "off" anybody they didn't work. His power was tremendous. In time he formed a theatrical trust which is history both in the theater and in the courts.

While Marie was out on the road with Lady Slavey, Erlanger bought in with George Lederer, as he eventually bought in on most stage pieces.

Marie was taken ill during the tour and the show closed. Now, Czar Erlanger didn't believe in his stars being ill. The truth, he opined, was that Marie was sick of playing the sticks and wanted to get back to New York.

It happened that Erlanger was wrong. Marie was really ill. Besides, she always loved playing on the road. Therefore she was naturally furious at the injustice of the czar's attitude, and told him so without mincing words.

Great lady though she is, Dressler on a rampage is no diplomat. Her words must have got under Abe's skin.

Because, during the famous Actors Equity strike of 1919, when the actors closed all theaters and fought for decent contracts and pay while rehearsing, Abe Erlanger refused to go to any of the meetings held between committees of managers and committees of actors.

"Look here, Abe, we need you at these meetings," another manager said to him. "You ought to come. You'd have a good effect on these actors."

Little Abe shook his head stubbornly. Nothing would persuade him to go near them.

"But why not, Abe?" someone insisted.

"Well," said the czar, with a shrug, "that Dressler'll be there. And she would sorta look at me and say, 'Vell, Abe?' and—no, I guess I won't go. I would be no good to you if Marie's there. You should be able to tell what she'll say!"

The actors broke the trust, won the strike, and the theater of today is run upon rules drawn by the Actors Equity Association.

WHEN, even after so great a hit as she had made, she found herself unable to get a job, with her father and mother to take care of and without a nickel laid away, Marie didn't hesitate. She started the now historic peanut stand at Coney Island. There were other things she might have done, but Marie was never one for the easiest way.

She's proud of that summer, too. She once took Alice Neilsen and Frances Marion down to Coney Island for the day and pointed out the exact spot. There are Hollywood stars who prefer to conceal their early struggles. Not Marie. She loves 'em!

But the peanut stand was a passing episode.

"I never in my life turned down an honest job," I once heard Marie tell a young actress who had refused a contract because the billing offered didn't match her view of her own importance. "Keep working, always. It brings luck. If you can't get what you want, take what you can get. The smallest job is better than none."

There was in New York at the time an up-and-coming young broker named Joe Immerman. He was devoted to Marie and he objected seriously to this Coney Island business. Joe Weber had just had his historic battle

with Lew Fields and was about to produce his own show. Upon him Immerman brought to bear all his salesmanship. His show would be no good without Marie.

"I heard she walked out on Erlanger," said Joe Weber.

"You know Marie never walked out on anybody."

"Probably wants a lot of money," said Weber.

Immerman shot high. "Five hundred."

They compromised on four hundred dollars and Marie joined the cast of Higgledy-Piggledy.

Even then she wouldn't marry the poor young man, but he remained her faithful friend and for years managed her business and handled her investments. Whenever he had a really good thing, Marie would pass it around to the entire company and browbeat Joe Weber into taking advantage of it. They always made money. Marie can make money. Keeping it is something else again.

ful of people away from any beauty. Why? Because I'd work to amuse and entertain 'em and make 'em happy. When they'd had a real good look at the beauty they were finished, and they'd come over to Dressler for laughs. Every woman can develop personality; not all can be beautiful."

As proof of Marie's statement, Jack Pearl, of Baron Münchhausen fame, told me of a party given by the Shuberts for Mistinguette, the great French beauty, and Alice Delysia, a European sensation.

"In those days nobody on this side of the ocean was good enough for the Shuberts," said Jack Pearl. "They were always importing talent from Europe. The night of their party for Mistinguette and Delysia, both of whom they had brought over, they made Marie their official hostess—she was in the Delysia show.



The Higgledy-Piggledy company, with Marie, in black, at Weber's left.

The engagement with Weber was one of the happiest times of her life. In that show she did her never-

to-be-forgotten burlesques of *The Girl of the Golden West* and *The College Widow*.

"They used to say Marie was temperamental," said Joe Weber. "Guess she was pretty quick on the trigger. But I only had one trouble with her. She wanted to run everything. Just her big heart, that's all. She always wanted to *do* something, and sometimes it wasn't the thing for her to do. She cost me an awful good costumer one time. After he had the chorus all dressed right, Marie would go round and fix 'em up a little—tip their hats or fuss with their dresses. Miss Fixit—that was Marie."

To this day, Marie can never let anything alone. If she buys a hat from Chanel herself, she will inevitably take it apart. If she buys a Paris gown, she always adds something or puts the skirt hind side foremost.

IN that show Marie first turned thief. In Hollywood they were to know her as the worst picture thief on earth. Just let her in a picture and she'd steal it from Garbo.

Anna Held was supposed to be the feminine star of Higgledy-Piggledy. After a few weeks she resigned and the papers called Marie the "star obscurer."

Anna Held was a great beauty and was the first great exponent of sex appeal, though the term then hadn't been coined.

"I always felt sorry for beautiful women," Marie told me. "Beauty is a curse. You depend on it, and when it goes there is nothing to fall back on. Personality—that's the thing. Concentrate on that. Develop personality. I'm not conceited, but I could always take a room-

"Late in the evening I met Jake Shubert, wandering around sunk in gloom.

"What's wrong, Jake?" I said. "The party's a big success."

"Sure," said Jake. "A big success for Marie Dressler! Look, she's got everybody around her—newspaper men and all. What's the use of my spending thousands—millions—bringing over beauties from Europe to give a party for Marie Dressler? I ask you!"

Beginning with the Weber and Fields days, through Tillie's Nightmare—her greatest success and one of the greatest successes of the theater—Marie shone on Broadway for ten magic years. Within that period she made her first picture, Tillie's Punctured Romance, a screen version of Tillie's Nightmare.

What an uproar she caused around that Mack Sennett studio! And all for an unknown guy named Charlie Chaplin.

"They don't appreciate him!" she stormed to anybody who would listen. "He's a great artist. I saw him in London. If they'll give him a chance he'll knock 'em dead. I'm going to have him for a big part in my picture if I have to call out the marines."

Finally Mack Sennett, worn out, gave in. She was probably crazy, but he was too tired to care. Chaplin got a big part in Tillie's Punctured Romance. The rest is history.

It was during those successful years that Marie made her first contact with "high society."

Those were the days of the Four Hundred. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish ruled with an iron hand. She was a great woman with a magnificent sense of humor and a brilliant mind. Under her reign society achieved its only high point in America.

Marie was one of her favorites. They first met when Mrs. Fish engaged Marie to entertain visiting royalty at

a dinner. Instantly the social dictator saw in the actress every quality that she most admired—humor, courage, naturalness, and honesty.

In those days actresses were not "accepted" in society. They were, in fact, considered "fast." If you were an actress your reputation bore a tinge of scarlet. Marie didn't escape unscathed, and it is rather amusing now to realize that many people in the early twentieth century might have told you that Marie was a "bad woman" because she wore tights. But no one questioned anything Mrs. Fish chose to do. When society recovered from the shock of seeing its queen driving in the Park day after day with Marie Dressler beside her in the elegant victoria, it was all over. Invitations to impregnable Newport poured in. Dressler was invited first as a fad, because Mrs. Fish had taken her up. She remained as a

His name was Jim Dalton. He was a big, handsome, red-headed Irishman. They were first introduced on a train, going from New York to Philadelphia. From that day until he died in 1921, they loved each other with devotion and fidelity.

When he was mortally ill, as he was for two years, he was kept alive by her love.

If she was away, he visibly faded. When she returned, life flowed again.

People who knew them during those years say that it was not love Jim Dalton gave her, but idolatry. They remember that after a hard performance he used to come backstage and kneel down and rub her feet, to rest them from the long hours of standing and dancing.

Marie herself never speaks of him. I think she cannot. When he died, Marie closed that chapter—and



friend, because they found, as Mrs. Fish had done, that she was a grand person. Her friendship with Mrs. Fish lasted until the end of that amazing woman's life.

Besides being an actress and wearing tights, which she did on only two occasions, Marie doubtless suffered from the fact that she always was, and still is, tremendously popular with men. Twenty years ago narrow-minded folk were wont to place the worst construction upon gay comradeship between the sexes. It could have but one meaning. Yet here was Marie Dressler constantly seen about with such famous New York beaux as Frederick Townsend Martin, O. H. P. Belmont, Stanford White, Steve Elkins, Alfred Henry Lewis, Harry Lehr, Moncure Robinson, and Berry Wall.

Marie never loved but one man in all her life.



Marie with Charlie Chaplin in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, her first movie and his big opening.

went on. But the memory of a great love is there.

The cast of The Merry Gambol. That's Marie in kid's togs, sitting down.

The little mother for whose sake Marie first ventured on the stage lived long enough to see her "ugly duckling" become a swan. The last years of her life were spent in a beautiful country home at Bayside, Long Island. While she lived she was Marie's first thought. If the first half of Anne Koerber's life was hard, her daughter made the last half close to heaven.

After her death Marie made a final break with her father. He went to live with Marie's sister, May, who had married and had a home in England. Marie supported him until he died, but she never forgave him.

The most interesting part of Marie's life begins with the loss of her great place in the theater.

From the beginning of the war in Europe until she went to Hollywood, things didn't go well for Marie. A few engagements in musical shows. A few pictures, including Tillie's Tomato Surprise, which she produced herself. Vaudeville.

The world went mad over

youth. The flapper age descended. The temper of the theater changed.

The great names of her day, the contemporaries who

had shone with her, had faded. Lillian Russell, Pete Daly, Weber and Fields, Fay Templeton, Sam Bernard, Mabel Barrison, Frankie Bailey, Aubrey Boucicault, Emma Carus, May Irwin, Dan Daly, Harry Woodward, Virginia Earle, Eddie Foy, Digby Bell—where were they?

Marie Dressler's genius was swamped beneath the passion for youth that came during and after the war.

But it was then, when most women sit back and let the world drift by, when they give way to bitter resentment or quiet old age, that Marie Dressler showed her true greatness.

Don't think she liked it! She was a proud woman, of fiery temperament. She hated the humiliation, she hated the wasted talent, she was discouraged when they said she was through. More than that, she still had to earn a living. She had never saved much money, and what she had saved had been lost by an unwise investment.

But she didn't give in to any of those things.

No longer a stage star, she made herself a figure in American life.

That is why she was ready for her great comeback.

Elisabeth Marbury told me a story which illustrates Marie's viewpoint during that time. Elisabeth Marbury was a great figure in the artistic and cultural life of New York. At seventy-six she had the only salon in New York. Her invitations were coveted by every celebrity who trod Manhattan's pavements. When I went to tea at the famous little house in Sutton Place, just a few days before she died, Katharine Cornell had been there for lunch, Hendrik Van Loon had spent an hour there, and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt was just leaving.

If you want a picture of Elisabeth Marbury, think of Marie Dressler in *Let Us Be Gay*. That was a perfect portrayal of Elisabeth Marbury, who was for years one of Marie's closest friends.

"Marie came to me some time in the early nineteen twenties and told me she was going to Italy to live," said "Bessie" Marbury. "She had very little money. In New York she could gain nothing new. In Italy she could live well and absorb all that Italy had to offer. She wanted to learn, to study, to broaden her mind, to become familiar with the art treasures there. Her idle time, she said, would thus enrich her, instead of just being a time for disappointment and worry."

NO woman in America did greater work during the war. The record leaves no doubt about that.

In the Liberty Loan drive Marie sold more bonds than any other individual, speaking one hundred and forty-one times in twenty-nine days, never to less than five thousand people. Her speeches were dynamic, flashing with humor, spangled with tears. I heard her speak once in Los Angeles, and I will never forget it. She swept that crowd to white-hot patriotism in five minutes of as fine mob oratory as was ever delivered.

But she began her war work long before that—and continued it long after. Most of us worked hard while the bands played and the flags waved. We cheered the boys when they came home. Then we forgot. Marie went every day for three years to some hospital for war veterans and spent hours singing, playing, telling yarns.

Moreover, no honest story of her life can ignore her ceaseless activity for charity.

She began it in a personal way. At Christmas she would deliver hundreds of baskets with her own hands. In the tenement districts she made daily rounds, her pockets full when she started, empty when she returned. Any hard-luck story would convince her. If anybody cried, Marie sat down and cried too.

Only the pleas of her friends, not as tender-hearted or as gullible as Marie, kept her from moving whole families right into whatever home she had at the moment.

There was one poor family whose straits touched her deeply. They were desperate. One day she drove down to them with some clothes and groceries. The mother had been ill for some time, and when Marie arrived she found the family grief-stricken. On the bed a sheet

was pulled over a still figure. Around it gathered the weeping husband and children. There was no money to bury her, they said, so Marie gave them every cent she had, which amounted to several hundred dollars. The weeping family knelt to kiss her hand and called her a saint upon earth, and Marie left the house dissolved in tears.

WHEN she reached the sidewalk she discovered that she had forgotten her umbrella. Tip-toeing back, she opened the door softly, not to disturb the grieving family—and found the corpse sitting up in bed counting the money for her funeral!

Once Marie bought a shoe factory that had failed, moved the shoes into her own flat, and invited the poor in. All God's chillun, said Marie, must have shoes. Unfortunately the poor weren't content with shoes, and when the comedy was over, Marie's flat was denuded of everything except the linoleum.

Marie came to the conclusion that charity on any large scale must be in the hands of proper organizations. By appearing at benefits for these organizations she could raise more money than

millionaires could afford to give. Her time and genius should be her gifts.

Anne Morgan, sister of J. P. Morgan and herself one of the real philanthropists and women leaders of America, spoke to me of Marie Dressler in a way that actually made me cry.

"There is no woman," she said, "who stands for higher service to humanity, for finer work with women, for more years of consistent devotion to the cause of charity, than Marie Dressler. I have worked with her for twenty years and I know."

"Literally, Marie could sell ice cream to an Eskimo. In the early days of the war some New York women began organized relief work. We started shops where we sold whatever we could lay our hands on."

"Every day Marie would appear. As soon as she came in, it was like a dynamo charging the room. She could take the worst contributions we had and sell them."

"Someone gave us a lot of hats. Without meaning to be catty, it looked as though that was the only way they could get rid of them. Marie took over the lot. What she couldn't sell in the shop she took out on the street. She'd put one on—at an angle only Marie can achieve—give it a whirl, and in two minutes have a crowd around her, roaring with laughter. In three minutes she'd have sold that hat for fifty dollars. In twenty minutes the lot was gone."

"Marie Dressler was one of the founders of the American Woman's Association. Without her help we could never have built this clubhouse."

The American Woman's Association is an organization



With Joe Weber in Higgledy-Piggledy.

with thousands of members representing one hundred and fifty vocations. Some years ago a group of women, among them Anne Morgan, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Ida M. Tarbell, Anna Steese Richardson, and Dr. Mary Crawford, saw the need of an organization which would help women meet the changed conditions following upon their economic independence and their entrance into new and wider fields. Thus began the "A. W. A."

The vision of a clubhouse where workingwomen could combine an intellectual life with comfort and beauty at a very low cost was the next step. Two million dollars was needed.

In 1925 Marie Dressler was drafted. She organized benefits. She wrote and appeared in plays. She handled radio programs. She made speeches.

No one did more to raise that beautiful clubhouse, where today thousands of women find peace and culture, than Dressler.

In that connection there is one story which can now be told for the first time—and this one is on Marie.

While the sale of the bonds to build the clubhouse was on, Marie made a brief trip to Europe. While she was away Anne Morgan and her committee made valiant attempts to interest the Rockefellers in the project and to get them to take a large number of bonds.

But the Rockefellers, very conservative, were afraid that the idea was perhaps—well, just a little—wasn't it possibly a bit Bohemian? Could they be sure that such a clubhouse would be conducted along the proper, careful lines which they advocated?

So Miss Morgan, with the purpose of demonstrating the complete propriety of the American Woman's Association, arranged a very special luncheon. All the committee members whose conservatism was beyond question were asked to be present.

On the morning of the luncheon Marie landed back in America. She called Anne Morgan's house and was told about the luncheon at the Ritz.

"I'll go right over," said Marie.

EVERYONE was delighted to see her. But Marie in a very short time decided that this meeting was a flop. It was deadly. No pep, no enthusiasm, no laughs! What these women needed was stirring up. She got to her feet.

Her speech, I have been told by those who heard it, was one of the funniest ever made. It took in some of Marie's latest adventures in Paris—probably largely fictitious—and wound up with her now famous story about the time she asked a French taxi driver the meaning of the word *derrière* and he told her that if she didn't know nobody did. Within five minutes the fifty selected guests were in hysterics.

But the Rockefellers didn't buy any A. W. A. bonds.

"Somebody should have told me!"

wailed Marie. "Never mind. I'll sell more bonds in a week than they'd have bought anyhow."

And she made good.

Thus Marie filled the years when she was "not working."

Sometimes she lived proudly at the Ritz, although it was in a hall bedroom and she made her own clothes. She acted as hostess at the Ritz Supper Club. She sold Florida real estate.

She got into one deal that didn't turn out so well—and only last year finished repaying a lot of money to investors, money for which she could never have been held legally or even morally responsible.

BUT she wasn't happy. Acting was her profession. Could it be that she was really finished—a has-been? Could it be that she would clown no more?

Irvin Cobb, who says that Marie was created of some different clay than God used when he made the rest of us, met her at a dinner party in 1926.

"I'm through, Irvin," she told him.

"Marie," said Irvin, "you're never through till you admit it."

"I don't admit it," said Marie, with a chuckle. "I'll never admit it. But I'm a minority of one. Most of these new managers around New York never heard of Marie Dressler. A few of 'em remember that I could clown once. But they think I'm too old now. So I'm going to Europe to live. I can open a hotel in Paris or sell dresses—pick up a living like a sparrow. Yes, it looks as though Dressler is through—and I don't like it."

She bought her ticket.

It was Nella Webb, her devoted friend of many years' standing, a friend dating back to the Lederer days, who kept her from sailing.

Nella had been a famous monologist, traveling through Europe, America, and Australia. But she had given it up for astrology. She had become a devotee of the stars, and is now one of the most famous astrologists in New York. At that time she and Marie had an apartment together on upper Broadway.

"You can't go, Marie," said Nella. "The stars show great things for you—greater things than you have ever had yet. In January—on January 17, 1927—you're going to get a message offering you new work. You must listen to me!"

"I'll give you until the 17th," said Marie.

On the afternoon of January 17 Nella Webb, Marie, and two of Marie's closest friends, Helena Dayton, the artist, and Louise Barrett, the well known writer, sat in the living room of the apartment. They were all silent. The atmosphere was tense.

On the stroke of five the telephone rang.

Miss St. Johns' story of The Private Life of Marie Dressler will be concluded in Liberty next week.



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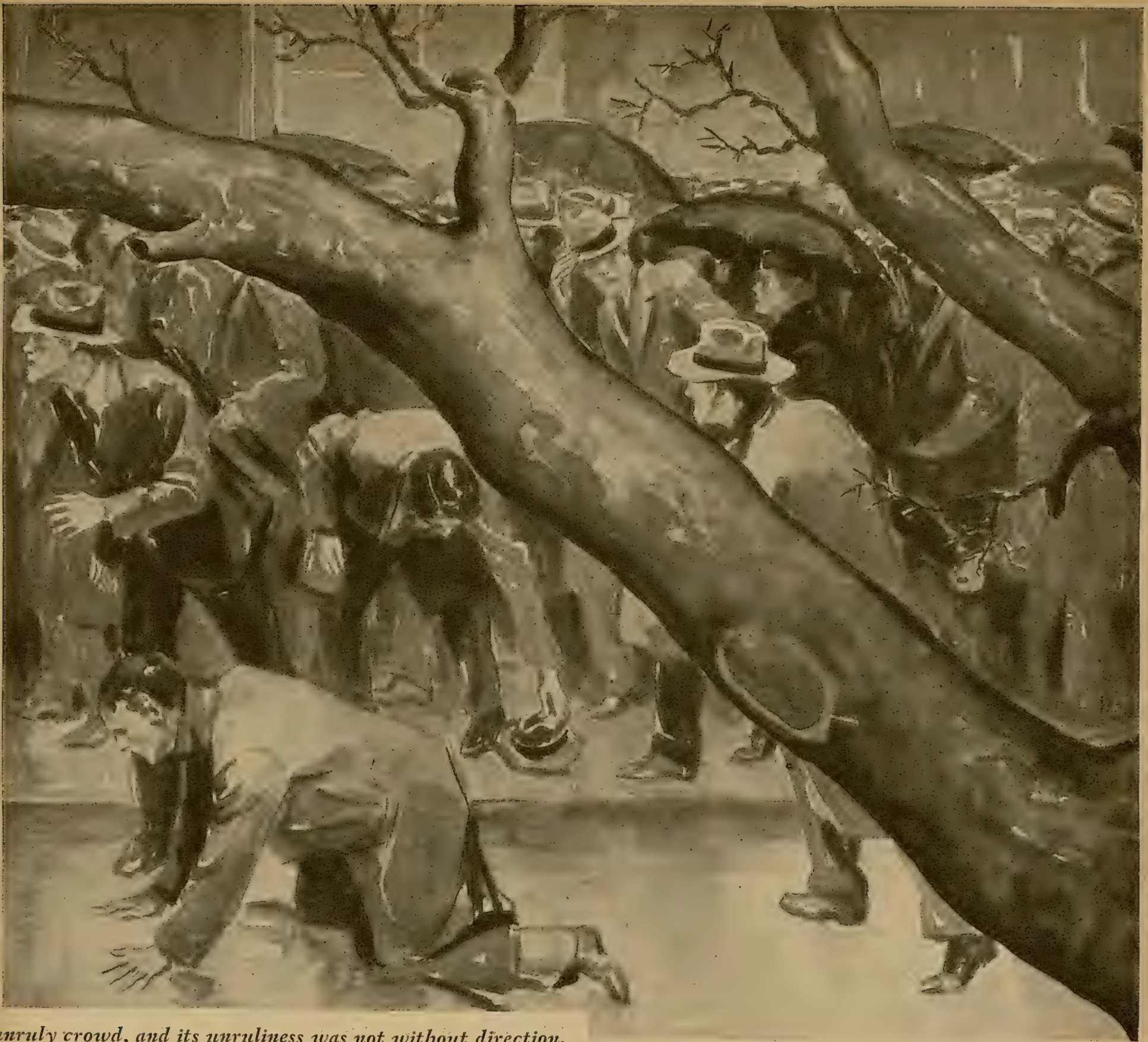
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THIS is the story of Judith and Eddie Grainger's fight against the prudery of a small Southern town. Judith, who works in the Karnak State Bank, marries Bill Vernon, only to find he is a bigamist, and Vernon is sent to prison. Karnak brands her a scarlet woman and turns its back on her. Eddie, the town ne'er-do-well and Judith's childhood sweetheart, offers her marriage and she accepts. Kurt Weigand, owner of the bank, their only friend, dies suddenly, leaving the bank to Judith. The bank virtually controls Karnak and the whole county. A committee of citizens asks Judith to allow them to run the institution, but she refuses.

Instead she calls in Peter Avery, a prominent banker, to teach Eddie the business, and when he is qualified makes him president. The rough element of the town, led by Gantt Kolker, the sheriff, and Lefty Bragan, owner of a poolroom, plot a run on the bank.

PART SIX—THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER

A DECEMBER morning, chill and bleak. A fine, drizzly rain was falling, painting the countryside in gray-monochrome. The sidewalks along Court Street gleamed with wetness and Court-House Square seemed strangely desolate.



unruly crowd, and its unruliness was not without direction.

Woman

*A Gripping
Novel of a
Girl's Mistake*

Illustrations by STOCKTON MULFORD

It was only a trifle past eight thirty, but already a huge crowd had gathered at the corner of Court Street and Marsden Avenue. The throng sullenly made way for Eddie and Judith, and as they passed through there were ugly words and vague threats:

"We want our money!"

"Why don't you open the doors?"

"We don't aim to lose our savin's."

From a stalwart henchman of Lefty Bragan: "Your bank is rotten, Grainger, an' it'll be better for you if I don't lose nothin'!"

Fear was sweeping the town, threatening to become

panic. The conspirators had done their work well, with keen appreciation of mob psychology. For more than two years the country had been paralyzed financially, and now the terror had descended upon Karnak. Men and women stood in line, faces tense and haggard. Some were vociferous; others were silenced by an awful fear that the doors might close before they ever opened and that destitution would have come upon them. The people were hostile, even those who had been passive in the past.

The agony of apprehension was spreading, too—upward through the more intelligent classes. The crowd



Kolker blustered. He slammed his fist on the desk. "It's because I was in that run yesterday?"

was large. It was audible. It was ugly. Men of modest means whose sympathies were all with Judith and Eddie listened to rumors and began to doubt the safety of the institution which Kurt Weigand had builded. Vicious rumors flew about—rumors that Judith was deliberately wrecking the bank. She had a huge personal fortune, more than she could ever spend—and she had presented the bank to Eddie as a plaything. There were some who believed that Judith was directly responsible for the run—that she herself desired to close the bank and thus revenge herself upon a town which had treated her cruelly.

Inside the bank Eddie and Judith found Peter Avery, his eyes gray and clear, his face stern. He nodded toward the crowd outside and spoke crisply:

"Doesn't look very healthy, Eddie."

The young president seemed queerly elated. "Thank goodness we foresaw it."

"Did we?"

"What do you mean?"

"A run of this size. Aren't there a good many persons out yonder whom you didn't expect to see?"

JUDITH answered: "That's true, Peter. I didn't think so many would join in."

"Runs are dangerous," commented Peter. "Panic feeds on itself. Make a quick survey of the crowd, Judith, and tell me whether you think you have cash enough to pay them."

She nodded. "Easily. But I don't exactly know what we'd do if our large depositors also demanded cash."

Eddie spoke quietly: "You two get ready to open. Telephone the Town Hall and ask for some special constables to keep the crowd in order. I'm going out to speak to them before the doors open."

"Careful, Eddie!" warned Judith quickly.

He flashed her a quick, boyish smile. "This would be fun if it weren't so serious."

He passed through the front door and closed it behind him. A murmur arose—a threatening murmur. He looked down upon them and smiled reassuringly.

"I don't quite understand what this means, folks—"

"Aw, lay off that stuff! You know good and well what it means! We want our money!"

Eddie's poise was magnificent. "Depositors in this bank have a right to their money at any moment. We will

have every window open in ten minutes, and plenty of cash to pay each one of you. I only want to ask that you form into three lines and be patient. And if you have any friends who are nervous, you might invite them to come for their money too."

ONE or two level-headed men looked at each other doubtfully. Lefty Bragan bellowed above the murmur of the crowd:

"That's a bluff, Grainger—and you know it! Your bank is lousy. You can't pay half of us and you're trying to make us think you can. Well, we ain't gonna be fooled."

Eddie ignored him. "Take it easy, folks—that's all I ask."

Some of his confidence had disappeared, however, when he reëntered the bank. The temper of the crowd was not pleasant. He had observed two or three merchants whose personal accounts were large. Enough such persons and the bank's position would be precarious. That was the danger. So long as the run was confined to a multitude of small depositors the institution was safe. But if the panic should spread to the big depositors—to men like Quincy Morrow and Max Crane and Frank Goss and Arthur Connor—then things would be serious.

The doors opened and the crowd surged in. It was an unruly crowd, and Eddie observed that its unruliness was not without direction. Lefty Bragan was inciting the crowd to a frenzy of distrust, and several of his henchmen were assisting. Lying Bill Parker was making a great deal of noise, ably assisted by his estimable cousin Turkey Bill. Ezra Gaines was proclaiming to an excited group that he wanted his money before the bank went bust right in his face—bang! like that! Word had spread through the countryside, and gaunt anxious farmers were driving up in decrepit automobiles, clutching their pass books. Peter Avery was impressed into service as an extra teller. Under orders from Eddie Grainger, he and Judith and Greg Karen worked as slowly as was possible without exciting suspicion. Money was piled high in each of the cages. Checks were paid instantly. But the panic spirit mounted. Peter sought Eddie to confer about an account. His face was impassive but his tone was freighted with worry:

"Getting worse, isn't it?"

"Looks so, Peter."

"Any big depositors out there—really big ones?"

"Not yet."

"Let's hope," said Peter, "that they don't come. Not even this bank could pay off every depositor in cash."

The telephone rang in Eddie's office. He closed the door and answered.

"This is Quincy Morrow, Grainger. I understand you're having a bit of trouble."

Eddie's eyes narrowed. "Not any more than we can handle, Mr. Morrow."

"You can pay everybody?"

"Dollar for dollar."

"Then perhaps you don't need my help. I merely telephoned to assure you that I am not joining in the run and shall not attempt to withdraw a cent of my personal or business funds. I have also taken the liberty of telephoning several of my friends advising the same course. They assure me that you need not worry about them. They have confidence in the bank and will not participate in this effort to wreck it."

Eddie was impressed in spite of himself. "That's mighty decent of you, Mr. Morrow," he said. "May I ask the names of the gentlemen who have agreed to leave their money with us?"

He noted the names on a desk pad, thanked Quincy Morrow again, and then made additional notes on another piece of paper. Then, lean face eager, voice crisp and authoritative, he called every large depositor whose name was not on the list which Morrow had given. To each he made the same speech:

"There is a run on this bank. So far it is confined to small depositors and we have more than enough cash to satisfy all of them. We may not be in a position to pay off all of our large depositors. Men like Quincy Morrow, Arthur Connor, and Sidney Greenberg have given their word not to withdraw their deposits. May we count on you for similar action?"

Invariably one question was asked: "If none of the big depositors withdraws any money, will the bank be able to survive the run?"

"Absolutely."

"But how will I know that others will not go back on their word?"

"You won't know. Neither will I. You will have to make your own decision—whether you'll help wreck this bank and throw the county into financial ruin, or whether you're willing to play ball with us."

ALMOST without exception the answer was encouraging.

"I'll trail along with you, Grainger. Perhaps I'm foolish, but I'm involved so heavily with the bank anyway—"

"Right. You have plenty to gain and little to lose."

Eddie emerged from a tense hour in his office, filled with exultation. He had argued with some and brow-beaten others. But, he felt, he definitely had removed the menace of large individual withdrawals.

And whatever the reason, he knew that Quincy Morrow had given him the idea. He stood on a chair and commanded the attention of the crowd.

"Just a brief announcement," he said. "I have arranged to keep the bank open until every one of you has been paid—even if we have to stay here all night. So there's no hurry."

Judith flashed a glance at him and wondered. It was not until ten minutes later, when she managed to slip away from her cage, that he explained what had happened. She pressed his hand and gave him a proud smile. "You're getting big, Eddie—mighty big—and I'm proud of you."

At one o'clock coffee and sandwiches were brought into the bank, so that no employee left the building. The sight reassured certain persons, and although Lefty Bragan and his cohorts declaimed more loudly than ever, their words had smaller effect. At three o'clock, when the doors normally would have closed, they were left open. Money poured from the vaults in an apparently inexhaustible

stream. The temper of the crowd was changing. At five o'clock the bank was empty. A score of persons hung around in the street outside, and three of them reentered the bank.

"Perhaps we were wrong, Mr. Grainger. We'd like to deposit this money again."

"Sorry," said Eddie. "We've just closed. And perhaps it would be better to wait until tomorrow anyway before redepositing."

They were impressed. This news too flashed through the town. Public sentiment changed magically. The bank was refusing deposits. It would pay out money but would not accept any! "Hell, boys, maybe we was wrong! Ain't nothin' shaky about a bank that won't even let you give 'em money when you want to."

Eddie walked into his office and closed the door. His face was older; new lines of worry had appeared during the day. And now he was the victim of reaction.

The battle had been fought and won. But it had been a major engagement where he had expected only a skirmish. He sank into his chair, feeling suddenly weak. His hands were shaking and his temples throbbed.

Then the door opened and Judith entered. She saw the youthful figure of her husband slumped at his desk. She noticed the tiredness of his eyes and the drawn appearance of his mouth. She crossed to him and pulled his head back against her breast.

"I'm mighty proud of you, Eddie."

He reached up and imprisoned her hand. He said nothing.

"Tired, aren't you?" she asked gently.

"Yes. Silly, isn't it?"

"It's natural. And you were marvelous. Peter Avery says so, too."

After a while he spoke, his voice infinitely weary:

"It doesn't matter what Peter thinks; but I'm mighty happy to know that I've pleased you, Dutch."

THE following morning several persons were at the bank when the doors opened, to apologize and to reopen their accounts. Eddie was elated, though he still trembled at the thought of how narrow the escape really had been. He circulated through the bank, greeting his customers, trying to make them feel at ease.

Peter Avery smiled at Judith.

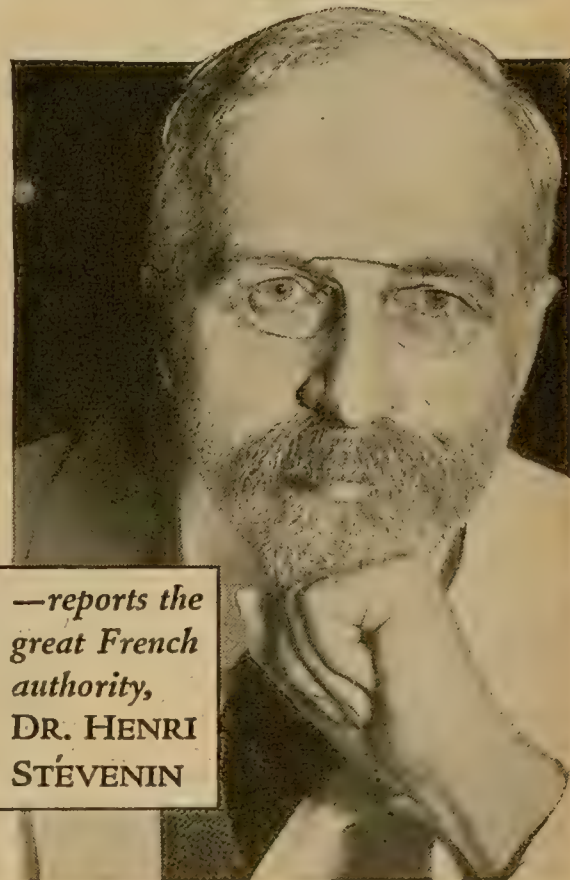
"He's born to it," said Peter.

"He is born to a good many things," answered Judith—"and he's just beginning to discover it."

Returning depositors eyed Eddie with fresh respect—a change of attitude of which he was not unmindful. Nor did he deny to himself that he was pleased. He was inclined to minimize what he had done, but the fact remained that he had accomplished something—and intended to do more. The fight, figured Eddie, was only half over.

At eleven o'clock Sheriff Gantt Kolker shouldered his way to the window

"INDIGESTION is usually totally needless"



—reports the
great French
authority,
DR. HENRI
STÉVENIN

"VERY FEW PEOPLE need to suffer from a weak, 'acid' stomach and indigestion."

That is the verdict of a very famous medical man, Dr. Henri Stévenin, Chef du Service d'Endocrinologie of l'Hôtel Dieu, famous Paris hospital. He says:—

"When intestines become clogged, poisons are carried through the body... Indigestion, loss of appetite, coated tongue and a general run-down condition follow."

And he adds:— "For such conditions there is a natural corrective—*fresh yeast*. I recommend it in place of irritating laxatives."

Fleischmann's Yeast actually *strengthens* your intestines... softens the wastes... helps expel them *regularly*. It is also, as you know, extremely rich in vitamins B, G and D.

If you really want to get rid of indigestion... to possess a healthy system and true vigor, start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

The noted Dr. Kristen J. Möller, of Copenhagen, reports: "Fresh yeast stimulates the stomach action... increases secretion of the gastric juice."

"My pep came back"

"I'm on the go all day," writes Raymond L. Savage of New York. "What with hurried meals, etc., my stomach began to trouble me... I changed my diet—tried laxatives. Nothing helped long... I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast... I soon knew I'd found relief."



EAT THREE CAKES EVERY DAY
Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form, the kind doctors advise. Eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

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and shoved pass book and money across to Gregory Karen. He was told that Mr. Grainger would like to see him personally.

Eddie's eyes were cold, his voice steady.

"I'm sorry, sheriff," he said, "but I feel that it would be better for you to bank elsewhere."

Kolker frowned and spluttered.

"You—you mean to tell me, young man, that you're refusing to let me reopen my account?"

"We prefer that you bank elsewhere," repeated Eddie.

"But there's no other bank."

"I'm very sorry, sheriff. We do not care to handle your business any longer."

Kolker blustered. He slammed his fist on the desk. "It's because I was in that run yesterday—is that it? Because I tried to protect my savings—"

"That has nothing to do with it, sheriff. Under the laws of this state, a bank has the privilege of refusing any business it doesn't want. I am refusing yours."

"So-o-o!" Kolker drew a long breath. "I've got a lot of notes in this bank, Eddie. I've mortgaged my property up to the hilt with you. Those notes have always been renewed pretty regular up to now."

Eddie did not evade the challenge. "Your notes will not be renewed again at this bank, sheriff."

"And if I can't pay 'em?"

"We shall proceed in the usual way."

Kolker was suddenly calm—and dangerous.

"Kind of uppity, ain't you? Think you're slick! Pat-tin' yourself on the back as a real courageous young gent. Well, listen to me! You're makin' an awful mistake, and the onfortunate part of it is, you don't know half how bad a mistake it is."

FROM outside the house came the shriek of a winter which was dying in agony. A gale twisted through the tortured pines, and from across Four Holes Swamp the weird diapason of nature at war with itself. But in the living room everything was comfortable and peaceful. Logs blazed cheerfully in the fireplace, casting flickering shadows on the walls. And in the half-light Judith looked across at Eddie, who had leaned back in his chair with eyes closed.

She was looking at a man who had changed, and she wasn't at all certain that the change pleased her. Tonight, as always in their home, he had been gentle and considerate; but outside the house, and particularly in his contacts with the town, there was no remaining vestige of the Eddie Grainger who had been. He had grown older. He was stern, inflexible. At the bank he spoke crisply and at times curtly; but never—except with those few persons whom he liked and who had been kind to her—was there any reminder of his slow, drawling voice, his cheerful friendliness.

She had effected this change in him by providing him with the weapons of warfare. She was proud of the fact that he had used these weapons skillfully and—because it was for her—ruthlessly. But she wondered whether her course had been wisely charted; whether perhaps she might not have destroyed a quality of gentleness which she had grown to love.

Judith was puzzled and more than a trifle perturbed. Impulsively she broke the silence:

"Quincy Morrow called on you today, didn't he, Eddie?"

He opened his eyes and answered with a monosyllable:

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

"The usual thing. He's worried about his mills."

"Mind telling me what he said?"

"Certainly not. He asked whether I would renew his series of notes when they begin to fall due next month."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him he'd have to furnish additional security." Judith sighed.

"You know he can't. He's mortgaged to the hilt."

"I realize that—and so does he. It's what I've been waiting for, Judith."

"You're going to take over the mills?"

"Yes."

A shadow of worry crossed her face. "Isn't that going pretty strong, Eddie?"

"Why?"

"Well—we're supposed to *help* local industry, aren't we?"

His voice was sharp: "Not Lisbeth Morrow's industry, Judith. Frankly, she's the one I'm after."

"But it's tough on her husband, isn't it? After all, you mustn't forget that when the run threatened to get out of hand it was his suggestion and help which kept our largest depositors from joining. If they had—"

Eddie laughed shortly. "You're a sentimental softy, aren't you, Judith? Willing to forgive and forget. Well, I'm not! As for what Quincy Morrow did—that wasn't friendly; it was shrewd. He knew that his only hope of financial salvation was to keep our doors open and to win our good will. Impersonal receivers would have closed down on him just as I intend to do. So he made a fine—and clever—gesture. He helped us because it was the wisest thing he could do."

She smiled at him. "At times you can be very stubborn, Eddie."

"I'm right about this."

"Suppose you are. Haven't we everything in the world we want?"

"No! This town owes you a big bill, Judith—and it's going to pay. Lisbeth Morrow is going to pay! The whole rotten bunch—" He broke off and laughed sheepishly. "There I go—talking melodramatically. I don't mean to, Dutch—honest, I don't. But when I think of what this town did to you I get sore."

"Of course you do, dear. That's natural. But you're letting it make you unhappy."

"That's not so. I'm not unhappy. But I want to do what I set out to do."

She asked a question. She asked: "Why?"

"Because"—he hesitated and his cheeks flushed—"I'd like to amount to something in my own estimation."

"I think," she observed, "that you are a very foolish young man."

"And now it's my turn to ask—why?"

"What are you working to achieve, Eddie?"

He looked down at her.

"You," he said bluntly.

SHE caught her breath. "You've already achieved that."

"Willing to be generous, aren't you, Dutch?"

"It isn't generosity, Eddie. I said you were stubborn. Now I'll add that you are blind!"

"You think so?"

"I know it. Oh, Eddie! Can't you see that you're acting like a foolish boy? And, if I must confess it, you're embarrassing me horribly."

"I'm sorry. But I wonder if you'd answer me one question honestly?"

"A dozen if you like."

"One will be enough." He thought for a moment, then spoke carefully. "Suppose things were just as they are between us. But suppose that actually you felt for me nothing more than friendship. Suppose you knew—as you do know—that I loved you and wanted you. Wouldn't your sense of fair play impel you to offer yourself to me?"

"Eddie! That isn't fair!"

"You said you'd be honest."

"All right, then, I will be. Perhaps I would. But things are different. I love you. And what's more, Mr. Eddie Grainger, I think you're silly to play the ascetic any longer."

He smiled again, suddenly sure of himself. "I'm sorry if I got under your skin, Dutch. And I'm sorry I'm pig-headed. But I reckon—"

"Listen, Eddie. When any person of normal intelligence acts as foolishly as you are acting, there's bound to be a reason. Don't you think you ought to tell me yours?"

"Yes, I should. But I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because it would sound silly. How would you like to hear me make a noble speech about having taken from you—and taken and taken? Actual food and lodging, money, a job, a chance to accomplish something."

"I'd hate it! Because it wouldn't be so. You haven't taken a thing more than you've given."

"Generous little liar, aren't you, Dutch? But you *are* a liar, you know. I've accepted things from you with what might be termed reckless abandon. But so far I haven't done much to show you how deeply I appreciate what you've done for me. And furthermore, Mrs. Grainger, I think it would be going just a bit too far if I accepted the most wonderful gift you have ever offered—until I earned it."

She stamped her foot with a feminine gesture of exasperation.

"I hate high ideals and noble sentiments!"

ERNIE RUDD, hopelessly uncomfortable amid the new splendor of his Diner, hailed Eddie. The young man paused, grinned, and joined his elongated friend. Mr. Rudd made a comprehensive gesture of pride and disgust.

"Lookit what you went an' done, Eddie. Just lookit!"

"Looks pretty good to me, Ernie."

"Good! Fancy gimcracks. An' you know what it means?"

"What?"

"It means I got to sweep out every day an' do a sight of polishin'. Things ain't what they used to be, Eddie—they sho' ain't."

"You're making money, aren't you?"

"I ain't as happy," confessed Mr. Rudd candidly.

"Why not?"

"We-e-ell—before, if things was runnin' right they was runnin' right. If they was dirty they was dirty. The folks who come in here, they come because they wanted a sandwich—usually with lots of onions. They was nice an' sociable an' intimate. But not no more, Eddie—not no more."

Eddie was amused. "And you're objecting?"

"Sho' I am. Didn't you always preach to me that money didn't mean nothin'? Wasn't you always laughin' at all these folks who was wastin' their energies runnin' aroun' scrabblin' for an extra dollar? Well, that's what I'm doin'. Scrabblin'! An' even when I don't want to scrabble I got to do it anyway. I got more money in the bank, Eddie—but I ain't near as contented as I was."

The younger man stared thoughtfully at the gallantly refurbished interior, then gazed at his unhappy disciple.

"You mean I didn't do you any favor by helping you to fix the place up?"

"That's it, Eddie. You didn't do me no favor—though of course you was meanin' well. An' furthermo'—"
Mr. Rudd stopped suddenly and his weather-beaten cheeks flushed. "Well, I reckon that ain't none of my business."

"What isn't, Ernie?"

"Nothin'. I was just sort of fixin' to advise you somethin'. But I reckon

that'd be kind of silly—me advisin' a bank president."

"Don't be absurd. Let's have it."

"Sho' you mean that?"

"Of course I do."

Ernie inserted a malodorous stogy in his face.

"Eddie," he announced solemnly, "there's a lot of mean talk goin' around."

"About what?"

"You—an' the bank."

"Who's doing the talking?"

"I dunno rightly. But if I was jest nachelly forced to make a guess, I'd say it was pretty much the same crowd that was flingin' rocks at Judith."

"I see. Well, get this, Ernie. Nothing could suit me better. I want that crowd to be sore—and plenty."

"You got what you want, Eddie; you sho' have. I might say that they're plumb raisin' hell. 'Tain't none of my business, Eddie, but they tell me you just the same as slapped Gantt Kolker's face and that you also refused to take any more deposits from a bunch of fellers like Lefty Bragan an' the Parker boys."

"That's true enough."

"They say the bank is clampin' down tight on a heap of folks which didn't used to be friendly. They say you've already took over three or four businesses, a dozen buildin's, a bunch of little farms, and goshness knows what all."

"That's probably true, too, Ernie. What else?"

"They say you're a-usin' the bank to get even for what the town done and said against Judith. They say if you don't quit pretty soon there's goin' to be violence. An' they say God help you if anything starts, because Gantt Kolker is sheriff and he don't love you no more than he does a bottle of prussic acid."

"**N**OTHING that you've said is news to me, Ernie. And it's pretty much all true."

Mr. Rudd was vastly perturbed. "'Tain't right, Eddie—an' it's tarnation dangerous."

"I don't think so."

"Then you're a plumb idiot, even if you are president of a bank. I'm tellin' you, Eddie, there's a pizen element in this town an' they've got it in for you. You can't keep on runnin' foul of a rattlesnake like Lefty Bragan, for instance, an' not have somethin' happen."

Eddie rested his hand affectionately on the other man's shoulder. "I'm going to carry through, Ernie. It's the only thing to do."

"You're crazy," complained Mr. Rudd. "Stubborn, too; that's what you are. But there ain't nothin' more I can say. Only if you could hear some of the talk I hear late at night, when the gang from Lefty Bragan's drifts in for a mess of hamburgers, you maybe wouldn't feel so brash."

In next week's installment you will learn of the revenge Lefty Bragan and Sheriff Kolker plan for Eddie.

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Besides, it's made by the makers of Vicks VapoRub; it had to be *extra* good to carry the Vicks name.

It actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength. You can depend on it...full-strength or diluted.

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MOUTH-WASH. Oral Hygiene
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By the makers of VAPORUB

Pa Potter

Produces a Miracle

(Reading time: 10 min. 36 sec.)

PROLOGUE

IN every corner of the land we see once more the miracle of the green onion—bright symbol of youth and springtime, pledge of immortality—as it waves in green triumph over the gray mold of winter death and a lot more along the same line. Which gives you some idea of how Pa Potter feels these days as he watches his little garden grow. It has been many years since Pa planted and hoed and weeded and had his aching back rubbed with liniment, and the wonder of a growing seed is a great wonder indeed. The thrill seems to be all his, however, judging by the way his family hang around the edges and grouse. Even when worn and weary after fifteen or twenty minutes of hoeing in the dewy eve, they won't let him read aloud to them about his future triumphs. A damn' nuisance, that's what a family is!

Scene I

PA

Listen to this.

MA

Are you going to read that seed catalogue aloud all night?

PA

But listen! Doesn't this sound swell?

(Reads lovingly)

"Crimson Giant. Color crimson. Flesh pure white, of the best quality, brittle, crisp, mild flavor, tops very small. Fine for outdoors and forcing."

MA

Sounds like a carrot. And I don't like carrots!

PA

You're wrong there. It's a radish.

MAMIE

How anybody can get all heated up like that over a radish! Imagine if that guy was writing a love scene.

BILL

Always talking shop.

PA

(Reading blissfully)

"Ruby King. The most popular large-fruited pepper. Flesh exceedingly thick, sweet, and so mild that it is often sliced as a salad." Boy, is that good! And look at the picture. (To Ma) There, is that a pepper or isn't it?

MA

Good heavens, man! You're only reading about them—you're not raising them.

PA

Well, we're going to

By J. P.
McEVOY

Illustrations by J. H. STRIEBEL

have some just like it, only bigger.

BILL

In your hat!

PA

Not in my hat, young fellow. In my garden. And we'd have a lot more, too, if you put as much pep into weeding as you do into wise-cracking.

BILL

Why should I weed vegetable gardens? I don't like 'em.

PA

You like them if somebody else raises them.

MA

You should eat more fresh vegetables, William. They're full of vitamins.

BILL

What good will they do a fellow if you wear yourself out raising them?

MAMIE

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

BILL

You'd probably see more of Red if you had a few more vitamins, silly.

MAMIE

I can see Red any time I want to.

BILL

He's been to see you twice since we moved out here.

MAMIE

Is it my fault that Pa moved out to this God-forsaken place just to sit around nights and make us listen to him read about the sex life of the lima bean?

MA

Now don't talk vulgar, Mamie.

MAMIE

Lima beans do have sex life, I suppose—which is more than I can say about young folks marooned out here in the jungle.

BILL

There's plenty of sex in the jungle, sis. Consider the hippopotamus, for example.

MAMIE

I can't say that I find him alluring. (To Pa) Can't I get a job in the city and come out here week-ends?

PA

Why didn't you keep the job you had?

MAMIE

(Bitterly)

Why didn't I, indeed! If I had known what I was getting into out here I'd have taken anything.

BILL

Why don't you marry Red and live in that



Pa: (Screaming)
Look! Hey, get outta there—get out
—get out!

*Being the Poignant Chronicle of a Radish Born to Blush Unseen,
and a Razzberry that Grew and Grew*



Pa: (Almost in tears) Look at that. You see this spot? I had a radish here.

secondhand flivver of his? You could cook on the radiator—all the food he could buy, anyway.

PA
(Suddenly)

Oh, here's something! (Reads) "Cocozelle Bush. An early squash."

MAMIE
Oh my God, Pa, give us a rest! Can't I play the radio?

PA
(Reading)

"Requires the same kind of soil and tillage. It is used in the green state, and is better than eggplant when nicely fried in butter and well seasoned." Um-m-m-m-m! That's what we are going to have a lot of.

MA
I'll believe it when I see it.

MAMIE
Wish I could find a good band on this radio. Nothing but politics!

PA
It would do you good to listen to a little politics and learn something.

MAMIE
I'll make a bargain with you. I'll listen to politics if you'll let up on radishes.

BILL
I remember reading once where some wise guy said that's all a man was, just a forked radish.

MAMIE
I didn't know you could read. Oh, here's something!
RADIO VOICE
... continuing our program, Miss Gloria Glutz will now sing Thank God for a Garden.

MAMIE
(Bitterly)

Glutz!

Nuts!
BILL

Scene II

One week later. It is evening again in the Potter household. Something-or-other fills the air with electric suspense. What could have happened? What is about to happen? (Bless me, if it doesn't begin to sound like a goofy radio announcement!)

BILL
It seems to me, Pa, you'd let us in on the gag, instead of prancing around on the balls of your feet all night like a proud tomat.

MA
William, what way is that to talk to your father?

BILL
But he's getting on my nerves!



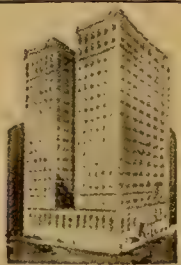
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skin clears,
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MAMIE

You haven't got nerves. You've got a nerve—that's all.

MA

Do you two have to be at each other's throats all the time? You'd think you were mortal enemies.

PA

Let 'em alone. Maybe some day they'll demolish each other.

MA

That's just the kind of talk that encourages them.

PA

They don't need any encouragement.

MAMIE

Red says he doesn't see how I put up with Bill. He says if he had a pest like Bill around the house he'd—

BILL

You tell that red-headed son of a—

MA

William!

PA

Here, here. Cut it out! I want you all to come out to the garden with me. I've got something to show you.

BILL

I saw it. A new weed.

MA

So that's all the mystery!

PA

No mystery. But something has happened. Something that will shut you all up for a while.

MAMIE

That would be a miracle.

MA

I've no time to go traipsing out in the garden now. I've got to finish up the dishes. You might lend a hand, too.

MAMIE

I'm going out with Pa.

BILL

Why don't you help Ma?

MAMIE

Why don't you? You mess up more of them than anyone.

PA

Come on, folks. Let the dishes go.

MA

(Following him)

It's just some more nonsense. Every evening I've got to go out and look at your garden and say a-ah and o-oh. One would think this was the first and last garden in the world!

BILL

Why don't you put up some bleachers, Pa, and have a rooting section?

MAMIE

I wanta go in and listen to the radio. That's all there is to do around here—listen to the radio and go to bed.

PA

(Screaming)

Oh my God, look! Hey, get outta there—get out—get out!

MA

What's the matter, Pa? What is it?

PA

(Running madly)

Get outta here, you blankety-blank—

BILL

It's just an old hen from next door. Looks like it's been scratching.

PA

(Almost in tears)

Look at that. Look! Just look.

MA

Well, it's just a hole. What about it?

PA

But that's what I brought you out here to show you! You see this spot? I had a radish here.

BILL

No!

PA

The first radish. The first fruit of all my digging and—and—it was ready to eat. I wanted to surprise you. And then that damn'— I told that guy next door to keep his chickens outta here! I'll sue him!

MA

Sue him? For one radish?

PA

It isn't the radish, it's the principle.

BILL

Maybe he'd settle.

PA

(Almost in tears)

I was planning to have it for breakfast tomorrow.

MA

I'd rather buy you a radish and hear the end of it.

PA

(Suddenly)

Look! Look! There's another one.

MA

Hen?

PA

No, a radish! Look! And another.

MA

Sure enough. Two radishes!

BILL

Just leave the rest to nature, Pa. A papa radish and a mama radish and the whole garden will soon be silly with the little devils.

PA

(Pulling them up and dusting them) I'll have 'em for breakfast. Aren't they swell? Lookit 'em, Ma. Did you ever see better radishes in your life? (Quotes lovingly from memory) "Crimson Giant. Color crimson. Flesh pure white, brittle."

MAMIE

I never thought I'd see the time I'd sit home all evening with a couple of radishes and call it night life!

Some further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

MAY 20 1933

STABUS STIGGINS

HOTEL ROYAL

HAMILTON OHIO

IMPOSSIBLE FOR NINE BULLETS TO BE FIRED FROM ONE REVOLVER WITHOUT RELOADING AND AS GOLDSTEIN SAYS GUNMAN EMPTIED HIS GUN AND RAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU ARE HOLDING HIM

GEORGE SCHATTLE



Antidotes

A
Short Short Story

By
ALAN
RINEHART

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

SHE came in sullenly, like a captive animal. Beneath lowered lids he watched her—slyly—the searching glance at himself, then at the clock. Her eyes were frightened. She sat down and took off her hat, began tugging at her boots.

Jepson spoke suddenly. She jumped, startled.

"Nice ride?"

"Yes," she answered.

She moved round the room to a position where he could not see her, and he heard her undressing and getting into a wrapper. Once more his insane jealousy flared. She concealed herself from him as if he were a stranger.

When she returned her eyes fell on the binoculars on the window sill. Abruptly she faced him.

"So you've been spying," she stated coldly.

His answer was a sneer.

"I want a divorce when we get out of this God-forsaken hole," she went on steadily. "As soon as we get back to the States I'm through."

She retreated before the burning vindictiveness of his look.

"Are you planning to marry him?" asked Jepson at last. "From the way you two looked, sitting there—But it doesn't matter. Young Miller is going away soon, and then you and I can be happy all by ourselves for another year."

"Happy!" she flared. "He's been at least decently kind and sympathetic in the last months of this hell! The way you've tortured me, I think sometimes you must be insane."

She escaped into the bathroom with an armful of clothing. Jepson lay back in his chair and passed a hand over his eyes. Fever was bad enough, but fever and jealousy together were driving him—perhaps she was right—insane!

In moments of clarity he wondered sometimes at the streak of cruelty which underlay his actions. Perhaps the possessive quality in him was too strong, too grasping, for the eternal frustration of marriage. She was younger, attractive to other men, intensely desired by himself. Yet some fiendish thing in him would not let him rest. His passion had become a sadistic thing, living on her torture.

When she came out, dressed, she tried to get past him, but he caught her wrist. "You might, my dear, after all your kindness to others this afternoon, give me my new medicine," he said mockingly.

He indicated a small bottle on the dresser. She picked it up.

"It is, as you see," he went on sardonically, "a deadly poison. Furthermore, it is one of the few poisons which kill without a trace. A person could commit murder with it and never be found out."

Inwardly he choked down a maniac glee. Deadly it was, as he had described it, but of course no poison existed which could not be traced. She would not know that. There was something else she did not know. . . .

Chalk-faced, she stared at him.

"How much do you take?"

"Three drops. I think I'll have it in my whisky soda."

She set the bottle down and left the room. Jepson waited, twitching with excitement. How much did she hate him? Did she hate him enough?

She returned with the tray. With her back to him he could see nothing of what she was doing.

She gave him the glass, still keeping between him and the tray. With an evil grin he held the drink aloft.

"To our future happiness," he said with a leer.

She turned away quickly. "I'm going to put this in the bathroom for safety," she muttered. Her hand shielded the bottle's contents.

The first sip did not taste at all strange. He swallowed more. His wife came back and sat down. It seemed to him that she watched him strangely.

He laughed aloud and gulped down the remainder.

Twilight was filtering in. Without removing his eyes from her, Jepson took his own pulse. Already it had speeded up a little, but that might be excitement. A feeling of pressure mounted to his brain.

"YOU poisoned me!" he shrieked. "Where's that bottle? Get that bottle! Do you think I don't know?"

She ran and brought it back. It was empty.

"I poured it out," she gasped. "I was afraid that some day I would poison you! So I emptied it—in there."

Jepson shrieked with unholy laughter.

"No, you didn't! You poured it in my drink! You tried to murder me, and you've nearly succeeded! If it wasn't for this—"

Dramatically he drew another medicine bottle from beneath his blanket. He emptied it into his glass and downed it at a gulp. Then he roared with mirth.

"That's *my* antidote!" he cried. "I told the doctor what would happen and made him give it to me. He knows. And I've got you where I want you now! Which would you rather do, stay with me or go to jail for attempted murder?"

"I didn't—I didn't—I didn't!" she cried.

Jepson called her a string of obscene names.

"Go get the doctor," he ordered. "I'm going to be sick, but I'm not going to die. Run, you —!"

Half fainting, she got herself out of the room.

Jepson kept on laughing insanely. Clutched in his hand was the bottle that had contained his antidote, a narcotic equally powerful, equally deadly as the poison he thought he had taken.

THE END

(Reading time: 29 minutes 5 seconds.)

TEX told in last week's installment of his three days in the Chihuahua state prison, and how, when his friend and fellow revolutionist Gonzales became governor, he got out and turned the tables on the prison guard's lieutenant who had ill-treated him. He told of a Federal officer who challenged him to a duel; he pretended to be a crack shot, and the officer backed down.

When the Red Flaggers began their counter-revolution Tex joined up again to fight for Madero. Raiding below Juárez, he and old Tiburcio Sanchez and their men were treacherously beset by the enemy. He managed to escape with his life, though the others were killed.

At Conejos, while loaded on troop trains, Madero's main army under General Salas was first demoralized with a dynamite-laden switch engine and then attacked and wiped out. Salas killed himself, and the visionary Madero replaced him with that ruthless old war dog, Huerta. Meanwhile Tex, back near the border, fell in with Obregon in the forces under General Sanjines. They moved down into Sonora, where there were colonies of Mormons. Unexpectedly attacked by Red Flaggers, they defeated them in a furious battle in which half-wild mustangs did duty as war horses.

Afterward, lawlessness and pillage forced the Mormon colonists to leave their farms and live stock and take refuge in the United States. Tex and some kindred spirits agreed to make dashes into Sonora, round up the abandoned horses and cattle and drive them to the border for their owners. This enterprise was going well when Tex and his fellows crossed the border to have supper with a friend of his in the United States cavalry. Another troop of cavalry came along and its commander arrested them.

PART NINE—

MURDERS AND MYSTERIES

WE were arrested for invading the United States with an armed expedition. I did not know it, but a little newspaper reporter in Douglas had given out a story that Tex O'Reilly had crossed the border with an armed band and was terrorizing all that country. El Paso papers took it up; it was printed all through the Southwest, and there was a great furor. The major had read the story, and he had us. We had crossed the border under arms. He had arrested us on American soil with our six-shooters on us.

That was another thing we did not know. Down in Texas it was quite all right to cross

"Now go on being governor as long as you like, but don't contradict my orders again. I am in command here."

Born to Raise Hell



the border wearing your ordinary six-shooter. But at this point in Arizona it was strictly against the law.

The major telephoned the report that he had us, and a Department of Justice man named Breniman was sent out with the warrants. We were brought in to Douglas. There was tremendous excitement in the newspapers and I was uneasy. It looked as though we might be headed for jail for long terms.

We were tried there in Douglas. Bishop Lilywhite stood by us, and John Slaughter, a quiet little man, former sheriff of Tombstone, came in and testified for us. In the end we were acquitted.

It was just a little sample of the kind of stories that sprang up all along the border. I remember one time when we were besieging Ojinaga I rode into camp and found a couple of Americans standing up against a dove wall, surrounded by our men. The Americans saw me and began to wave and yell.

"Oh, there's an American! There's another American! What are they keeping us here for? What are they going to do to us? Are they going to shoot us?"

By **TEX O'REILLY**

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

*A Serenade for Mrs. O—Death Valley Slim's
Strange Partner—Pancho Villa Comes Back*

*Strong—The Fate of Ambrose Bierce—
Carranza Kicks Out His Best Warrior—
When Villa Met Pershing*

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



I said, "Why, I don't think so. I'll go and find out."

I went to old José Sanchez and asked him about it. He said an American had gone through not long before; they had received him hospitably, fed him, kept him overnight, and after he had gone on they discovered that he was carrying messages for Diaz. These Americans had about two hundred letters in their carriage, and they were being held while the letters were examined.

José had about twenty of their letters opened. I looked them over and saw they were all personal letters that these Americans were taking out for friends down in Chihuahua City. When I explained this to José he gave me a little money and asked me to take the two Americans across the river, buy stamps for them, and then seal and mail the letters he had opened.

The water was so high at the ford that the carriage could not go across, so I took the men over on my horse. When we got to the American side one of them picked up a handful of earth and kissed it.

"Thank God, this is American soil!"

Three or four months later I was quietly eating dinner in a restaurant in El Paso, and at a table behind me these two Americans were telling the story. They were describing all about how they had been arrested as spies; how the order was being given to fire—when up dashes Tex O'Reilly on his foaming horse, leaps from the saddle, a gun in each hand:

"Stand back, you yellow-bellied so-and-sos! These are Americans!"

It was a good story if your tastes run to that kind of fiction.

Just about this time occurred the Cuartolazo, the garrison revolt in Mexico City. Mexicans call it the *escena tragica*, the tragic scene.

Bernardo Reyes, former Minister of War and Marine for old Diaz, had tried to start a revolution against Madero, got no following, and was arrested. Huerta was then commander in chief of Madero's army. But with Felix Diaz, a nephew of old Diaz, and a number of Madero's trusted army officers, he plotted to kill Madero.

They started a fight in the streets of Mexico City, captured the prison, and released old Reyes, and Madero came down from Chapultepec to take charge. The cadets of Chapultepec Academy, the West Point of Mexico, also came down to fight for their government, and numbers of those sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys were killed in the streets.

Madero still trusted Huerta, who was betraying him. After the fighting had gone on a few days, General Blanchet and General Mondragon, Madero's own officers, arrested him in his palace. They tried to make him sign a resignation. He refused, and they killed him then and there. A soldier named Cardenez shot him by order of General Blanchet.

That night Madero lay dead in his palace, and next day they took his body out in a carriage, staged a mock fight in the streets, killed a few passing citizens, and threw the body out of the carriage. They claimed Madero had been killed by men attempting to rescue him. I have talked with doctors who examined the body and who signed affidavits that Madero had been dead at least twelve hours.

Then they killed little Pino Suarez, the vice president. Afterward a small minority of the Mexican Congress appointed Huerta Secretary of War and Foreign Affairs and provisional president—Huerta, the typical old reactionary of the Diaz school whom Madero had picked up from the discard. Nobody would ever have heard of Huerta if General Salas had not committed suicide. And Salas would not have been defeated if somebody had not thought of sending an old switch engine loaded with dynamite down the steep grade into Conejos.

Well, that was the end of all our fighting for a time. I went to see Pancho Villa in El Paso.

All this time Villa had been in a cell in Belem prison. Huerta had sentenced him to life imprisonment, and was always sorry that he had not killed him. Only a little while before Madero was murdered Villa had escaped. He was living in El Paso's Mexican quarter in a room behind a cheap billiard hall. He sat on a cot in that dingy back room in old ragged clothes and looked like any Mexican cowboy out of the job and down on his luck.

The situation seemed hopeless. The scattered Red Flaggers, Orozco, Salazar, Campa, and the rest had got together again and joined Huerta. All the governors of states had gone over to Huerta, except two; only Mayotorena in Sonora and old Carranza of Coahuila remained loyal to the revolution. Neither was a fighting man.

VILLA did not talk much that day. He had loved Madero. Madero had pardoned him, had let him fight for the revolution and had given him a commission, and Villa was always loyal. He hated Huerta. But he did not have a friend among the old revolutionary leaders; he was an ignorant cowboy and bandit and none of them could get along with him. He had no money.

Not long after my visit to him he borrowed \$500 from an Italian gambler and crossed the border with nine men and one pack horse. Fourteen months later Pancho Villa rode into Mexico City at the head of an army of 50,000 men. And he, the so-called bandit, was the man who really broke the backbone of the old Diaz dynasty.

I had decided to take no part in this revolution. Our boys were growing up; they had to be taken care of and kept in school. All this time, of course, I had been seeing my family fairly often, and there is one story my wife likes to tell. It's a story of a time when I did cross the American border under arms.

We were living in Eagle Pass then, and one evening I went on a tear over in Piedras Negras, and the Mexican

band playing in the plaza there seemed to me to be making the most beautiful music in the world. I thought my wife would like to hear it. So I pulled my gun and stuck up that band; I ranged them in marching order and marched them across the bridge. The customs guards tried to stop me, and I do not clearly remember what happened, but they did not stop me.

I marched my prisoners through the streets of Eagle Pass out to our house, and lined 'em up on the lawn. I sat on the steps with my six-shooter and told 'em what to play, and they played. It was about midnight; the whole neighborhood woke up and came out. I was sitting there waving my gun, so they all went back in again. Mrs. O'Reilly was lying awake. She understood. She knew this was just a serenade arranged for her.

The band played two hours without stopping. They played everything they knew and then played it over. If they showed signs of stopping I waved my six-shooter and they went right into another piece. About two o'clock Mrs. O'Reilly came out. She said:

"Tex, that was a grand serenade. It was perfectly lovely." She reached out and took my gun and said to the band, "Run!" And it ran. I didn't have time to protest and, anyway, she had the gun.

And, by the way, Mrs. O' has always said that soldiers of fortune are the finest people in the world. But the only thing that puzzles her is why they are called soldiers of fortune, when fortune is the one thing they never have.

SO I was not going to fight in this Villa revolution. However, I went down to Sonora and got a job as timekeeper for the Cananea Consolidated Copper Mining Company. The town of Cananea was fortified. The garrison had gone over to Huerta. And in a couple of months there I was attacking that big brick barracks and fort with a machine gun.

It happened this way: Mayotorena, the Governor of Sonora, was loyal to the revolution.

My friend Obregon had taken the field again with his Mayo Indians and was fighting over in eastern Sonora. Juan Cabral came in to the good water springs at Ojo Agua to gather his forces for an attack on Cananea. Naturally I went out to see his officers, my old friends, and they offered me the job of running their one machine gun. So we came in and attacked Cananea.

Two big oil tanks stood on top of a little hill near the fort. In the night I mounted my machine gun between these tanks and we made a little breastwork of bricks for it. In the morning we attacked, and it was a very hard two days' fight.

An American named Canfield was running a machine gun for the Federals. He had a porthole in the back of the barracks, and all the first day we two Americans were fighting each other. It was silly. But finally one of my shots smashed the breechblock off his gun and one of my bullets hit him.

The Federals fought splendidly. But late on the second day we forced our way into the back of the barracks, killed most of them, and captured the town.

Our men were infuriated with Canfield and mobs were looking for him. I didn't want to see him murdered. So I went hunting him myself, and found him hidden in the back room of a Chinese restaurant. I had wounded him in the arm. I managed to smuggle him into an automobile and he got across the border. I have often wondered what became of him.

Meanwhile Toribio Ortega was raising and organizing the Ojinaga district. Villa was proving what a marvelous guerrilla leader he was, and in lower Chihuahua his army was growing rapidly. In Coahuila a number of leaders met at the village of Guadalupe, and formulated the aims of the revolution. As Carranza was the governor, he sent out the letters to the men in the field, and all the leaders except Zapata, who was a communist, accepted the Plan of Guadalupe. So that war became known as the Carranza revolution. But Villa was so strong that he was the natural leader; all the best fighting men joined him.

When Toribio Ortega had organized Ojinaga, he came in south of Juárez and tried to cut the railroad at the

*He gave the alarm—
the Federals were on us.
But I had fixed the gun.
We tore off the poncho
and I opened up, and it
stopped that charge.*



little station of Rancheria. In that fight Death Valley Slim and his partner were killed.

Death Valley Slim was a typical Western bad man, a gunman, as hard as they came. But he had another side. They all do, I guess. Anyhow, one day I was in his room in El Paso and found it full of books, nearly all on Hindu philosophy, Yoga, Buddhism, New Thought. Death Valley Slim read everything he could get on those subjects, and he would talk for hours about universal love and peace, the power of mind over matter, the belief that matter doesn't exist and that all is spirit.

For a couple of months he had had a partner. They roomed together in El Paso and were always around the saloons together. I saw them scores of times and occasionally had a drink with the two of them. The partner was an old man apparently, a gray-haired, solemn fellow. His hands were rough and his face was weather-beaten. He wore overalls, boots, and an old colored shirt. He and Slim were still together when they died fighting at Rancheria.

After those battles the soldiers often stripped the bodies. A bunch of Federals came on these two and did it. And it was then that they found that Death Valley Slim's partner was a woman.

Nobody had ever dreamed it. I knew them well and had never thought of such a thing. Whether Slim knew it or not I don't know.

Evidently for years she had been passing as a man. She handled a gun and rode a horse as well as anybody; she had been riding for weeks with 300 insurrectos, and not one of them suspected. Who she was or where she came from no one ever knew.

Slim and she lay on exhibit in the railroad station all that afternoon, and I know a dozen men who saw them. Then they were buried just outside the station.

Of course there have always been women soldiers. But

Death Valley Slim's partner was the only one I ever knew who passed as a man.

Early in the campaign Villa did a clever thing that made him master of all Chihuahua. He had been moving around rapidly in that country, striking, disappearing, striking again. Then he vanished; nothing was heard of him for nearly a month. Federal hope began to grow into a belief that he was wounded, perhaps even dead.

What he had done was to take a thousand mounted men and come north over the desert that Adams and I had crossed. Nobody lived there; there were no roads. He brought a thousand men hundreds of miles and nobody saw them. Then in the night he swooped down on the railroad below Juárez with one of the smoothest bits of strategy on record.

He had several telegraph operators with him. He sent an operator and two soldiers into Montezuma, a little town of perhaps thirty houses. They strolled into the station, and before the agent knew what was happening they dragged him out of his chair and held a gun to his ribs. Then they signaled to Villa and he came in with his thousand men.

THE wires reported a passenger train coming up to Juárez, followed by a Federal troop train. Villa's operator changed the dispatcher's orders. He stopped the troop train, turned it back to Chihuahua City, and brought the passenger train on.

It rolled in, and Villa's men held up the crew and put all the passengers off. Many of them were Americans; Villa explained to them courteously that this was only a little delay, they would get another train next day. He mounted a machine gun on the engine, loaded his men aboard, left the telegraph operator and a little guard in Montezuma, and came on up the line.

At each station a few men dropped from the engine

and grabbed the operator before he could give an alarm, and their own operator reported the passenger running as usual, a few moments late.

There was not the slightest alarm in Juárez. Most of the garrison were at a bullfight that afternoon when Villa's train rolled into the middle of town and his thousand men piled off and swept through the streets, shooting every Federal soldier at sight. In twenty minutes they were in possession of Juárez.

All this time I had been working. The family was getting along O. K.; there was some money in the bank. So when Villa captured Juárez I joined him. He gave me a major's commission.

The Federal army came up from Chihuahua—5,000 men commanded by old General Louis Terrazas, the largest landowner in the world. Villa had hated him for years, and Villa went out to meet the Federal forces. He had about the same number of men, and put up a magnificent fight. He was a born soldier. The Federals fought a losing battle for twenty-four hours and then retreated. That was the end of Huerta's army and almost the end of Federal power in Chihuahua.

We had begun the revolution with only eighteen men, and now there were big military movements.

When Villa and Ortega swept down and occupied Chihuahua City I was with them. Then I came back with Ortega and his two thousand men, assigned to chase the Federals across the mountains to Ojinaga. When we went back to Chihuahua, Villa was at the height of his power. He had conquered all northern Chihuahua. He had a full division of troops, and the American government now recognized him as chief of the belligerents.

He had got into Chihuahua only a few weeks too late to save poor Abram Gonzales, whom Huerta's men had captured, tied hand and foot, and thrown on the railroad tracks in front of a train.

Gonzales was one of the finest men I ever knew. If he had lived he would have been President of Mexico and a good one.

At this time an interesting thing happened which I have regretted ever since. We were preparing to advance on Mexico City, and I was frequently sent up to El Paso to arrange about our supplies. On one of my trips the newspaper men told me that Ambrose Bierce, the famous author, was in town. He had come down from New York across the battlefields of Virginia where he had fought in the Civil War, had spent a couple of weeks in San Antonio, and then come on to El Paso.

The reporters had tried to interview him, but he was drinking heavily, and was morose and bad-tempered; would not talk to anyone.

That evening I came into my hotel and the clerk handed me a note from him. It said he had heard I was with Villa, and he wanted to visit Villa's army and would like to talk to me about it. I left a note for him at the desk, saying that I would be back at ten o'clock to meet him.

At ten o'clock I came in, expecting to see him. He had got my note an hour earlier, but he did not show up. I waited till midnight, when my train left for Chihuahua and I had to go.

ABOUT a week later I went into the Foreign Club in Chihuahua City one day and found another note from Bierce. It said he was in town and wanted to see me. But he did not say where he could be found. I left a note for him, saying I was at the Palace Hotel and would be glad to see him. I could not find anyone who knew where he was, and he never returned to the club to get my note.

It is a pity he did not talk with anyone in Chihuahua City. Villa was there at the time and I would have been glad to introduce Bierce to him. It is always printed that Villa killed Bierce, but Villa never even heard of him till after he was dead. Bierce did not go near any of Villa's officers, nor talk to any of the Americans there. Evidently he wandered around quite alone. He could not speak Spanish.

Almost immediately our advance to the south began. The Federals fought a rear-guard action and we met them a number of times. At Escalon we were delayed several days. We heard there was a little bunch of Federals at

Sierra Mojada, a mining camp not far away, and Ortega sent 400 men to clear them out.

That morning I heard that an American had been killed in Sierra Mojada, and I went up with our detachment to investigate this story.

There was no fight. The Federals decamped when they heard we were coming. I began to inquire about the American and several Mexicans told me about him. They said he was an old man who had come riding in there on horseback alone. He spoke only a little broken Spanish and did not explain who he was or what he wanted, and they were suspicious of him.

He stayed there several days in the midst of the Federals, but apparently he did not know they were Federals. It is wild, mountainous country all around there. He asked questions about the trails and made notes and maps and they thought he was a spy. When they heard that he was asking how to reach Villa's army they decided to kill him.

One afternoon he was drinking in a *cantina* with three Federal volunteers. They borrowed his pistol, and when he left they walked out with him to the edge of town. I talked with two eyewitnesses who had seen the whole thing. Apparently he suspected nothing until the three men turned on him and began shooting.

THE first shot must have struck him in the leg or belly, because he dropped down, squatting on his heels. And the two Mexicans were impressed by the strange way in which he died. He squatted there in the dust of the road and began to laugh heartily. The three men kept shooting at him, hitting him, but they could not kill him, and he did not stop laughing. He sat there and laughed till finally they shot him in the heart.

The Mexicans were amazed because he was laughing as though it were a tremendous joke that he was being killed.

They took me to the house where he had stayed with an old Mexican. I asked if he had left anything that would identify him, and the old Mexican said:

"No, the three Federals came and took his things. He had only saddlebags and a blanket roll."

"You have nothing that belonged to him? No article of clothing? Not a scrap of paper?"

The old fellow reached up behind a rafter on the wall and brought out two old empty envelopes left by the Americano, and they were both addressed to Ambrose Bierce.

How he had wandered down there ahead of us I don't know. He said in Sierra Mojada that he was looking for Villa's army, when as a matter of fact he had left us behind him in Chihuahua City. But he was drinking heavily all the time, and he did not speak Spanish. Some Mexican may have told him where we were going, and he may have understood that we had already gone. Nobody knows why he acted as he did.

The Mexicans in Sierra Mojada described Bierce exactly. They said he was a dictatorial old fellow who wanted to be left alone and who insulted everybody who bothered him.

They showed me where he had been buried beside the adobe wall of the little cemetery. The envelopes and their descriptions convinced me he was Ambrose Bierce and I burned his name into a board with a hot iron and set up this wooden headboard at the grave.

Then we went back to Conejos. Dr. Rusk, an American, was going up to El Paso. I wrote a report on Bierce's death and gave it and the envelopes to Rusk to deliver to the American consul. One of the envelopes had a return address to Oakland, California. Rusk delivered my report, and afterward told me that he had written a note to this address and inclosed the envelope.

Later Carranza ordered an investigation, and a report was made through our Consul General Silliman. My original report and the consul general's report are on file today in the State Department in Washington.

Dozens of stories have been printed about "the mysterious disappearance of Ambrose Bierce." But there is no mystery about it. I could go directly to his grave.

From Conejos onward we were getting into real fighting. I was still with the advance guard. The Federals

were retreating into Torreón and we were closing in on them. About four miles outside Torreón we were stopped in a mountain pass. A little hill sticks up two or three hundred feet in the middle of it, and the Federals had fortified the hill. We fought there for thirty-six hours, trying to force that pass. Every charge was broken and driven back. The delay was holding up our troop movements, and on the second evening Villa came around to us and took charge.

That night he picked one hundred and fifty men. He took their rifles away from them, armed them only with six-shooters and dynamite bombs which I showed them how to make. We simply packed a tin can tightly with dynamite and nails, put in a short fuse, and sealed it with beeswax. Villa made the men blacken their faces—a common enough trick in the Great War, but this was the first time I ever saw it done. When everything was ready Villa told every man to light a cigarette. He led us himself. We went quietly up the hill and were almost upon the Federals before they discovered us. Then we began lighting fuses with our cigarettes and throwing the bombs into their trenches. The noise was like the Fourth of July, and those flying nails would scare anybody. Then we charged with our six-shooters, and in two minutes we had taken the hill.

Villa told us to continue the advance next morning, while he got on his horse and went back to headquarters.

IN the end, after further tough and bloody fighting, he flanked the Federals on the north, drove into the center of Torreón, and captured the city.

Next day Villa took about half his forces, and away we went after the remnant of the Federal army that had escaped to the east. At the little town of Paredon they stopped and faced us. What followed was the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting I saw in Mexico. Nearly 3,000 men were killed in two hours.

That battle wiped out the remnant of the Federal army.

Now that Villa had practically won the war his trouble with Carranza began. Old Carranza had never been in a battle; he was a stubborn old fool in military matters. But he was the civilian chief of the revolution.

Villa always despised him. Carranza interfered with his plans, dictated to him, contradicted his military orders, and tried to discharge some of his officers. Villa would not stand it. Carranza had ordered him not to go into Torreón. Villa had gone in.

The next objective of our army was Zacatecas, the heart of Mexico's silver mines. Carranza ordered Villa back and sent General Panfilo Natera to command the attack on Zacatecas. Villa was furiously angry.

He sat fuming and cursing in Torreón while General Natera fought a

Now everybody's tryin' to climb on our Bandwagon

by *"Singin' Sam"*



WHO'D have thought, folks, when we introduced Barbasol fifteen years ago, that the time would ever come when we'd have to warn you against substitutes?

But just look who's here — a whole passel of people who've changed their tune and admitted "Bristles" was the wrong hoss!

They all grinned when we said Barbasol would make the messy old shavin' brush as obsolete as the high-wheel bicycle.

They said man had plastered on lather with a brush since the dark ages and, by cracky, they always would!

But they were wrong, folks, yessir, they were wrong!

A few open-minded men tried Barbasol and found it worked like a charm.

They bragged about it to their pals, and first thing we knew, sales began to pile up.

And today, it's actually the fastest-selling shaving cream on the market, bar none.

That's why everybody's trying to climb up in the driver's seat.

We don't say these new preparations are "no good." Not at all. But we do claim Barbasol gives you the coolest, smoothest, slickest shave man ever treated his face to.

And you've got only one face in this vale of tears, so why not take a tip from Singin' Sam and treat it to the best?

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana



Tune in Singin' Sam, Every Monday
WABC and Columbia Network
8 P.M., E. D. S. T.

three days' battle for Zacatecas and failed, and quit. Then Villa openly defied Carranza and went up and attacked Zacatecas.

The town is like an eagle's nest in a cleft of the mountains. The Federals were well intrenched and they put up the devil of a fight and stopped us. It was raining, one of these downpours that are like a waterfall. Villa sent me with three other men to circle around a little hill called the Bufa and come in with a machine gun on the enemy's right flank. The Federals were intrenched on this hill.

We made our way around, and when Villa attacked the rear of the hill I went into action with my machine gun. My helper was Bill; I never knew his other name if he had any. He was Mexican and Indian and Spanish and had a little Negro blood in him, but he was a good mechanic.

Villa's men charged, and I moved in closer to the Federal trenches, along a little ridge. We set up the gun again and I was working it when the Federals counter-charged and the gun jammed. I couldn't fix it in that rain. Our line was giving way, the Federals were coming, so I lay down beside the gun and had Bill cover me with a rubber poncho, and I opened up the mechanism.

I told Bill to tell me when the Federals were within fifty yards. If I couldn't fix the gun by that time we'd have to run.

I was working in the dark, of course, but I had to keep the rain out of the gun. I couldn't distinguish anything in the noise of the fight, and it struck me that if Bill lost his nerve and left without saying anything I would be in a hell of a fix. But he didn't. He stuck. Pretty soon he gave the alarm—the Federals were on us. But I had fixed the gun.

We tore off the poncho and I opened up, and it stopped that charge. Then Villa came over the ridge and the Federals broke.

They retreated three or four miles down to Zacatecas. Villa had their retreat flanked. There was terrific slaughter; all along the road the dead were lying thick, and the town below was a death trap. The enemy lines could not hold, and they retreated through Zacatecas and down the valley where the street car runs, four miles to Guadalupe. All that way they were under fire, and when the fight was over there was no more Federal army.

THAT was the last big fight of the revolution. Huerta fled from Mexico. Obregon, who had been fighting down the west coast, occupied Mexico City. We went back to Chihuahua, and there old Carranza ordered Villa to resign. He was going to kick him out of his own army for winning the war!

Now Villa was cock of the walk in Chihuahua. He was the idol of the whole country and he had the best army in Mexico. Naturally he did not resign.

Villa's life was a tragedy. He had great natural intelligence, and he was a military genius. His strategy in those campaigns was the admiration of trained American army officers.

But he had no education. He was illiterate. He had no idea of manners or how to deal with educated men.

A man who can come up from nothing as he did has got something. But Villa could not hold what he had won. I think he felt his own natural powers, and felt them balked by his lack of proper education, and I think his wild rages came from a helpless fury at his own limitations.

For a few weeks there was

a provisional governor in Chihuahua City who thought he was a real governor and countermanded several of Villa's orders. One day Villa jumped on his horse, rode to the State Palace, and walked into the governor's office. He reached across the desk, grabbed him by the collar, jerked him across the desk and thrashed him with a coiled lariat. Then he threw him back in his chair and said:

"Now go on being governor as long as you like, but don't you contradict my orders again. I am in command here."

As Villa's quarrel with Carranza grew more and more bitter, Obregon did a brave thing. He came up from Mexico City with no one but his staff, seven or eight men, and tried to reconcile the two.

Over in Sonora Governor Mayotorena also had grievances against Carranza, and Villa persuaded Obregon to go with him to Sonora and listen to Mayotorena. They were given permission to make the trip through United States territory, to avoid the difficult journey across the Sierra Madres.

We went up to El Paso, and there General Pershing invited us to luncheon at his headquarters at Fort Bliss. I was on Villa's staff.

WE had a jolly luncheon. Pershing and Villa got along well together and seemed to have respect for each other. I think this was the only time they ever met. It was only a few months later that Pershing was ordered into Mexico to get Villa dead or alive.

The conference in Sonora came to nothing. Villa and Mayotorena together could not persuade Obregon to join them against Carranza. Obregon's attempt to settle the quarrel failed. He returned to Mexico City, and in Chihuahua the quarrel was more fierce than ever. Then Obregon did a foolhardy thing. He turned around and came back, still accompanied only by his staff.

He knew the risk he was running, but he felt that the quarrel was threatening the success of the revolution. He wanted to do everything in his power to stop it without the use of armed force.

This time it seemed that he performed a miracle. He persuaded Villa to yield on some points if Carranza would yield on others, and everything seemed settled.

Now I wanted to go down to Mexico City. I thought the fighting was over, I was offered a good job in Mexico City, and I had resigned from Villa's staff. No trains were running, but here was Obregon going down in his special car. I asked him if I could go along, and he said yes, of course. He was leaving that evening.

I was at the station when word came that Villa had ordered Obregon's execution.

That afternoon they had held their final conference. Carranza would not yield an inch. Villa felt that Obregon had betrayed him. He flew into one of his insane rages, pulled his six-shooter, arrested Obregon, and ordered out the firing squad.

In next week's installment Tex will tell how, at the last moment, he managed to save Obregon's life, and how the Villa and Zapata factions combined against Carranza, and

Zapata unexpectedly marched on Mexico City—with the result that Traffic Cop Tim McGuire halted sixty thousand men and a war! Tex will then tell of Villa's whirlwind rise to despotic power, his downfall through insensate blundering, his last fights, his retirement, and the end of him.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Diagnosis



BETTY and Jane were playing in the garden. Jane became suddenly ill and went home. Betty went into her own house.

"What's the matter? Have you two girls had a fight?" asked her mother.

"No," came the reply. "I guess Jane ate something that didn't fit."—Dorthea Tuneberg, Devils Lake, N. D.



The Nose Knows

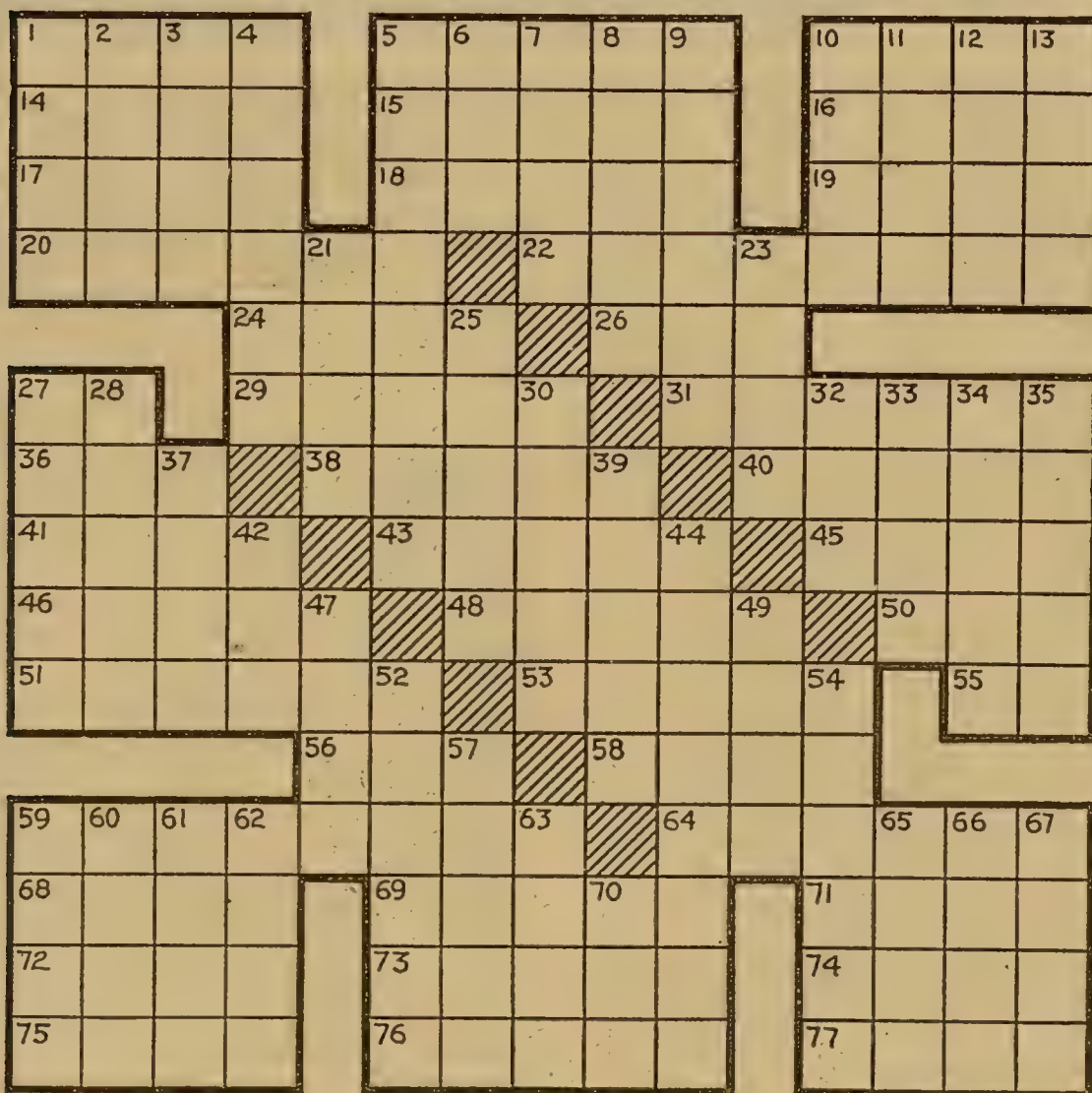
WILBUR had raised a glass of liquid sulphur to his mouth three times without drinking it, each time making a grimace of distaste.

Upon being ordered firmly to "take that medicine," he replied:

"I can't, mother. My nose is too near my mouth!"—Mrs. Mollie Moore Godbold, Box 1228, Dallas, Texas.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 One of the oldest Semitic races
- 5 Insults
- 10 In bed
- 14 Combustion
- 15 A Jewish festival
- 16 Look or gaze steadily
- 17 A seaport in Arabia
- 18 Century plant
- 19 Island in the Hebrides group
- 20 An elocutionist
- 22 Men who heave the lead (nautical)
- 24 Large animal of the deer kind (plural)
- 26 Test
- 27 Dye obtained from roots of Indian mulberry
- 29 Sounds sometimes accompanying breathing
- 31 Consisting of a series
- 36 Of little elevation
- 38 Fruit of a vine
- 40 Burn superficially
- 41 A cut of meat
- 43 Progenitors
- 45 On the highest point
- 46 Turkish money
- 48 An island belonging to Greece
- 50 Individual
- 51 Paid attention
- 53 Hoarfrost (plural)
- 55 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
- 56 Article of furniture
- 58 To wrap, as a corpse
- 59 Warship tenders
- 64 Turmoil
- 68 Combining form: oil

H	O	P	E	R	E	B	A	B	A	S	I	S
A	V	A	R	E	V	I	L	A	B	A	S	E
V	A	R	A	L	A	N	E	T	A	P	I	R
E	L	M	B	A	D	E	A	T	S	S	E	
S	A	L	U	T	E	M	I	L	S			
			A	T	E	C	A	R	E	E	N	E
A	L	T	T	R	U	E	S	S	T	O	R	E
M	O	A	B	S	T	R	O	P	H	O	S	E
I	N	L	E	T	T	E	N	O	R	E	N	E
D	E	C	E	A	S	E	S	L	E	I		
			T	I	A	R	R	E	I	N	E	D
S	E	A	L	I	H	A	M	S	R	I	D	
C	A	N	T	O	S	E	M	I	R	A	M	A
A	S	T	E	R	E	R	I	C	I	T	E	R
R	E	E	D	S	T	E	E	S	M	O	S	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 69 Put to shame or embarrass
- 71 Italian coins
- 72 Asiatic country
- 73 Woman's name
- 74 Assam silkworm
- 75 A weed of the grainfields
- 76 Stamp something upon
- 77 Bamboolike grass

VERTICAL

- 1 At a distance
- 2 To be borne along
- 3 A particular extent of surface
- 4 A spree (slang)
- 5 Scintillates
- 6 Carry
- 7 River in Russia
- 8 Fastening device
- 9 Daubs with something viscous
- 10 Sacred bull of the Egyptians
- 11 Hollow roar, as of waves or cannon
- 12 Bird of prey

- 13 Administrative officer of a university
- 21 One of the children of Shem
- 23 Impregnates with color
- 25 Former Sultan of Turkey
- 27 In Mohammedanism, the Supreme Being
- 28 Slack
- 30 More painful
- 32 Inlet with depth diminishing inward
- 33 In
- 34 Past
- 35 Person afflicted with leprosy
- 37 To dry by rubbing
- 39 Containing nephelite (petrography)
- 42 Man's nickname
- 44 In some measure; partly
- 47 A king of Midian (Biblical)
- 49 Withered
- 52 Break up a camp
- 54 Vender
- 57 Hinder from approach
- 59 Dispatch by mail
- 60 Upper part of the hip bone (plural)
- 61 At a little distance
- 62 A town in western Alaska
- 63 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
- 65 Part of a wheel
- 66 One of a tribe of American Indians
- 67 Peruse
- 70 Iniquity

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 19

- 1—The chief goddess of Babylonian and Assyrian mythology.
- 2—Arabic.
- 3—George Bryan Brummell, a dandy during the reign of George III.
- 4—A statistical survey of England made by William the Conqueror.
- 5—Chaplain and steward to Robin Hood.
- 6—Edgar Allan Poe.
- 7—The Virginia House of Burgesses, which met on July 30, 1619.
- 8—In November, 1775.
- 9—Place of great hills.
- 10—Flag flown at the Battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, bearing the inscription, "Don't Give Up the Ship," which is now the watchword of the navy.
- 11—In 1893.
- 12—Newfoundland, discovered by John Cabot in 1497.
- 13—Nicaragua.
- 14—Kabul.
- 15—Census report of 1930 gives 59,278.
- 16—Lowland areas overflowed or covered entirely or in part with water.
- 17—A transparent blue-green variety of beryl, used as a gem.
- 18—A wading bird of the rail family.
- 19—Gustave Flaubert.
- 20—Herodotus, because he was the first writer to raise historical narrative to the level of literature.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION

(See page 19)

Squibb Dental Cream is always most economical because it gives greatest protection, and is sold at the lowest price that the cost of manufacturing a pure, effective product permits.

The scientifically balanced formula makes Squibb Dental Cream the 5-way dentifrice. It is pure, safe, dependable — made with the scrupulous care that has distinguished Squibb Products for 75 years. And it is pleasant to use. Even little children enjoy its clean, refreshing taste.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM



SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.



Vox

A Word from the Wives of the Men Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I am a sailor's wife, and of all the navy families I know there isn't one that doesn't purchase Liberty each week. You never hear a complaint among them, even in our discussions of some of the stories which are not so good. If one issue comes out



with one of the latter, we wait for the next one, and it invariably has a good story which totally eclipses the other.

Maybe it's the salt in our blood. But as a whole I believe navy people are the happiest, noncomplaining group in the whole universe.

We have to be or we'd all wade out in the ocean until our hats floated and then sit down. For instance, the fifteen-per-cent pay cut which became effective April 1. There isn't one complaint among us. We're all for President Roosevelt, and the slogan seems to be "Smile, darn you, smile!" Better days are coming. Wait and see. —*Just a Gob's Wife.*

A Note of Appreciation from One of Our New Citizens

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—It is just about three years ago that I stepped from one of those big Atlantic Ocean steamers on American shore, possessed with a fervor and zeal of succeeding and making something out of myself.

The secret in securing success was sought in unrestrained attempts to master the English language and to break the Dutch accent through much and voracious reading.

Americans who discovered my foreign accent enjoyed my endeavoring and trying to speak in their native tongue. They got me acquainted with different literature, among which was your magazine Liberty.

Your issue of April 8 Liberty which showed a smartly designed cover April Fool, by Leslie Thrasher.

Glancing through the contents and summarizing, follows: Short Stories, Biographies, Questions and Answers,

Movie Reviews, Detectogram Mystery, Corner for Children, To the Ladies! Vox Pop, Foreign Reviews, and a \$250 Weekly Cover Contest. What a variety—for one nickel—one five-cent piece.

Three nickels speed over the smooth glass counter of the news stand—the girl laughs—and three copies are mine. Liberty don't know of booms leading to depression; it has been expending and enriching and adding tremendously to its diversity of readable value.

I had to translate my feelings and enthusiasm for Liberty into words and wish to congratulate you with your excellent and striking combinations of educational literature as displayed in Liberty.—*Ludwick G. Blessenaar.*

The Other Side of the Picture on the Crown Prince Series

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The well known human race, psychologists tell us, is able to think reflectively only within certain definite limits. Once these limits are touched, emotion takes charge and cerebration ceases.

Probably all of us have met men or women who grew violent at the very mention of Prohibition, Communism, or the Crown Prince.

Vilification of his Imperial Highness, who is a quite mediocre person, is a curious survival of Allied wartime propaganda which once served its purpose well and now is best forgotten.

It is not the opinion of thinking people nowadays that any one nation was responsible for the World War. Rather it was the inevitable result of the bitter rivalry for world markets, backed up by exaggerated nationalism. It will occur again, and for the same reasons, unless the economic system is changed.

I do not agree with Mr. Powell in Vox Pop of April 29—that the Kaiser should have sought a soldier's death instead of fleeing to Holland. Had he done so, he would now be a hero in the German Valhalla, and one of his descendants, glorified by his martyrdom, would now be seated firmly on the throne of Germany.—*F. B. Melendy.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I think that Liberty is to be especially complimented because of the series of articles by former Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany. Only by such methods of give-and-take on both sides may we forget the war-engendered hate.

I am happy to see that the Prince at last has had an opportunity to speak for himself. As a former American diplomat in Germany once said, "The German Crown Prince is probably the most maligned man in this world." In spite of nearly fifteen years of peace it takes a deal of courage for any publication to print, even now, an article by a former leader of our former enemies.—*J. C. Allbee.*

Boston Albert Takes Another One on the Chin

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FREDERICTON, N. B.—It was with mingled surprise and disgust that I read the letter of Boston Albert in your April 15 issue. It is fortunate he has "stood on the side lines for years."

It is obvious that he has never been to the Maritimes, or, if he has, he followed in the footsteps of so many of his neighbors and got so drunk that he didn't even see anyone around him. Albert is probably just another of those benign asses who think that New Brunswick is a village in Nova Scotia, and that the chief mode of travel here is via birch-bark canoe.

As one who has visited Boston and liked the people there, I feel safe in saying that Albert is only one of a small minority who have never bothered to learn anything about those parts of the world not inclosed by their own back fences.—*A. D. Odell.*



A. D. Odell

You Sure It Was Water?

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Just received a copy of the two first prize-winning Whopper Contest stories, and believe me I always thought that we had some good liars in Canada. But when I read the first one I had to get a drink of water before I could read the other. If George Washington could read those prize-winning letters he would not only turn over in his grave but turn over in his nationality.—*Larry Bolt.*

The Baby Is in Luck

UTICA, N. Y.—I have been buying your magazine for about six months, and, thanks to the suggestion of my

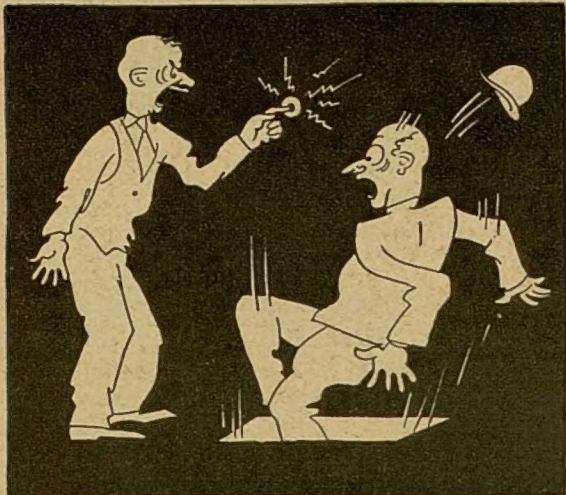


newsboy, it comes in very handy. I am the proud father of a two-year-old and I find by giving him a copy of Liberty of an evening it keeps him from tearing up my good magazines.—*Leo Duffy.*



Think of the Fun We Have Opening Our Mail

MEGETT, S. C.—I would like to take each Liberty knocker into a separate room and say, "What do you want for a nickel, huh?" And if said knocker even attempted an answer, open a near-by trapdoor and send him to the dungeons with the other knockers where they could never get Jay Franklin, Princess



Kropotkin, cross word puzzles, money contests, dandy short stories, and dandier serials by big-time writers, all for five cents.

What heats me is why they grouch about that nickel, and yet will spend three cents for a stamp on the mere chance of seeing their names in print.—*Natalie Searson.*

The Veterans Editorial

BENNINGTON, VT.—Whatever may be said of some of the stuff Mr. Bernarr Macfadden contributes (and some of it is terrible), he is one hundred per cent right in his editorial of April 29 when he says that critics state that fifty per cent of the veterans' claims are fraudulent. I have been doing work for the Veterans Administration since 1919 and I know just what I am talking about.

Total disability, partial disability, treatment, etc., *ad nauseam*. Some of these birds served two or three months in training camps in this country and left the service better than when they entered. Now, thanks to the American Legion and weasel congressmen, these men are robbing the country blind.—*John D. Lane, M.D.*

A Whole Bundle of Scallions for the Rev. J. Fred Foley

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Scallions to the Rev. J. Fred Foley of Denver, Colorado (with apologies to Walter Winchell).

We are two modest maidens who are constant readers of Vox Pop and never before has any comment riled us as much as the one submitted to Vox Pop of April 29 by the Rev. regarding the cover of March 25. We'd like to know what his standards of thinking are if he saw anything indecent in that pic-

ture. After looking it over some twenty-odd times since and still finding nothing suggestive (and if there were anything to find, you may be sure we'd see it), we've decided that the Rev. Foley craved a little publicity along with running a chance of having his picture in the paper.

If he's referring to the young lady's modern attire, upon request we'll send free of charge a fashion review showing the 1933 form-fitting styles. Also we'd like to see his old-fashioned congregation.—*P. E. G. & E. R. K.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Commenting on the Rev. J. Fred Foley's criticism in Vox Pop of April 29 I suppose he would advocate putting brassieres on cows for the sake of decency. Let's see you publish this for the advocacy of broad-mindedness.—*Howard M. Lewis, Sr.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I can't imagine the condition of any person's mind that could see anything suggestive or vulgar in your Liberty cover of March 25.

I am sure the Rev. J. Fred Foley is the type of man that might be embarrassed even in a gentleman's dressing room.—*Bob Glover.*

SCHOHARIE, N. Y.—I, too, am a regular reader of Liberty, but unlike the Rev. J. Fred Foley of Denver, Colorado, I fail to see anything indecent in the cover of March 25.—*Lyman S. Holmes.*

She Forgot to Mention the Collegiate Hatless Vogue

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Don Quixote tilting at a windmill was a marvel of acute intellectual ability as compared to Diana Bourbon tilting in an ill-tempered outburst at modern education in the April 15 issue of Liberty. One poorly brought-up child bounces one of Diana's Rockingham cups on the floor, and Diana starts off on an irascible tirade against modern child training.



G. A. Hagen

Miss Bourbon writes of the costume for freshmen at a certain university, and shrieks "and no tie! . . . why the untidiness, the incivility of that tieless open neck?" Far better, I suppose, the flat hats and starched Lord Fauntleroy collars of Miss Bourbon's dear old London prep schools. With women permitting, men would have discarded ties long ago.—*G. A. Hagen.*

Don't You Know by This Time that We Never Disappoint Anybody?

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—I'm asking you again: Ain't you never gonna have no stories by Viña Delmar no more?—*Jack.*

Sam Also Had the Greatest Prize of All—the Congressional Medal of Honor

NECHE, N. D.—It's strange! Have read Liberty week after week without ever having the urge to Vox Pop. Then along comes Tex O'Reilly with Born to Raise Hell, and it sure is a bung-starter, and now here we are, off with a three-point-two bang! While Sam Drebbin, the fighting little Russian Jew, scurries on across the bridge and into the trenches and tackles three thousand Philippine insurrectos single-handed and alone out near Imus, Philippine Islands. Oie! Oie! Maybe that is going some! However, it is not the daring exploit that won for Sammy a leather medal to adorn his manly chest. Oh, no. The leather-medal recognition came a year or so later when the fighting little Russian and his outfit were in China, fighting their way to Peking (now Peiping) for the relief of the Legations, where the Boxers were making life miserable and uncertain for the beleaguered occupants.



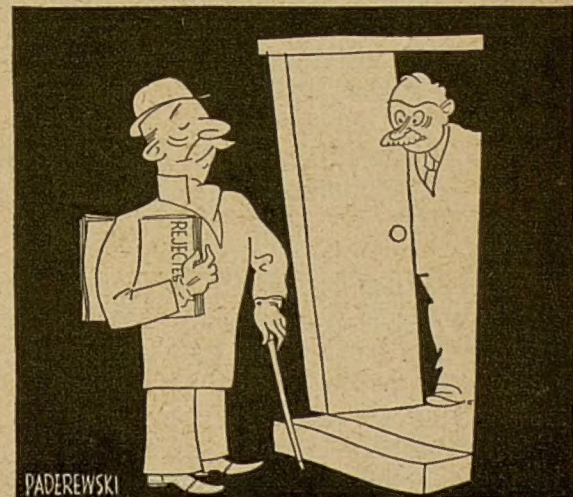
J. O. Wilson

Sammy's outfit went into camp one night, and Sammy, unarmed and alone, ankled over to the Russian camp and barged into the Russian officers' mess, and speared a bottle of vodka without injuring himself or the English language—much. Then he returned to his own company with the vodka and divvied up with Captain H—! But Oie! Oie! No fair tattling on buddies.

Ho hum. A feller can't have no fun no more. One who was there.—*J. O. Wilson.*

A Swell Idea

SHINGLEHOUSE, PA.—I have an idea for one grand party. You know what I mean—only those who can produce a nice, cute little "turn down" slip. I am afraid we should need Madison Square Garden for such a party, but we



could include a six-day bike race for those who have had a hundred rejection slips.—*B. Lawrence Bixby.*



TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia*



(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

THIS stockbroker went broke three years ago. But the crash did him good, for he is now a colonel in his own army—an army of radio fans.

Probably you have listened to Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, the new team of air favorites who specialize in poking fun at stuffed-shirts. They ride the big executives, the office bosses, tycoons, etc.

The Colonel's real name is Frederick Chase Taylor. I asked him what he had against the stuffed-shirt boys.

"My old boss in Buffalo was a perfect specimen," he told me. "Working for him, I worked up an ambition to debunk them all. All the office bloaters, all the strutting humpty-dump-ties of business life."

Almost everybody likes to hear the boss taken down a peg, and I imagine that human trait accounts for much of the Budd-Stoopnagle popularity. The Colonel (he gave himself that title) used to be an amateur actor in Buffalo when he was not selling stocks and bonds. Budd has done all sorts of things—worked his way to Europe once as a bell hop on a big liner.

These two comedians are careful students of human peevishness. They know that everyone has a pet grievance or hate. Through their radio-fan mail they have classified the pet hates of the average American. Here's their list:

Hate No. 1 (for men only): The little pins that come in new shirts. Hate No. 2: The little stickers that come on rye bread. Hate No. 3: Not being permitted to pick up lamb-chop bones and gnaw them in public.

Budd's real name is Wilbur Budd Hulick. Admirers of Budd and the Colonel have formed a sort of club. Call themselves Stoopnocrats and get up benefit shows for the unemployed. Head Stoopnocrats are Irvin Cobb, Heywood Broun, James Montgomery Flagg, Frank Vanderlip.

HERE is a blonde Frenchwoman's tip to all blonde wives: "Keep other blondes away from your husband," she says. "Don't let them in your house. Since he married one blonde he might fall for another. Brunettes are safer to have around."

This blonde French wife admits that she is devilishly jealous. She takes great pains to be the only blonde in a perfect setting for blondes. The rugs in her home are all golden yellow, to match her hair. She has violet eyes. To match them she has dyed her little white dog a violet hue. Actually!



Frederick Chase
Taylor

Sure enough, she has weeded out all her blonde friends. The only women who come to see her now are dark ones. Of all the nonsense I ever heard! But I am a brunette. If you are a blonde you may think otherwise.

THANK goodness someone has at last invented a silent electric fan. I saw photographs of it in a scientific journal recently. When this fan gets on the market it should be a godsend to people who live or work in hot places. The noisy electric fans of the present are a sore problem, inasmuch as you can't sleep while they're buzzing, and a hot bedroom in the summertime is just the place where they are desperately needed. As they are now, their racket always makes me feel hotter, if anything.

Certain discoveries made by airplane engineers have been responsible, I hear, for the new noiseless fan.

"IS it bad manners to straighten a picture that you see hanging crooked in someone else's house?"

A reader asks me that. I don't know any etiquette rule on the subject, but I guess it depends on how well you know the person in whose house you see the crooked picture. I suppose it also depends on how nervous you are—or how jittery a crooked picture makes you feel.

Some people don't mind them. Some can't stand them. Those who can't stand 'em had better straighten 'em, no matter whose house it is. I am sure that your hostess would rather have you straighten her picture than go crazy and jump out of her window.

THE elegant ladies on the other side of the Atlantic are discarding blue. String color is the latest fad. It is smartest combined with black lacquered satin—another new fad. I've just seen a very nifty tailored suit of this lacquered satin, and one side of the short reversible coat was of string-colored linen. I have also seen a loose unlined coat of string-colored wool worn effectively over a sheer black dress, very plain, with a plaited string belt. Light-colored coats are new and chic. A real mustard shade is being worn over black or brown. Padded rouleaus, fat ones, of the same material trim the bell-shaped sleeves. Same trimming in vogue for evening coats, satin or velvet.

Other novelties: Finger-nail lacquer in mahogany or nasturtium shades. Fez caps, with matching scarfs, of woven elastic. Big gold sequins on organdie capes. Suit blouses of metal mesh.

WHY FAY WAS FICKLE



by Timmins



HOW COME YOU AREN'T SEEING FAY TONIGHT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE PRETTY SWEET ON HER

WE HAD A DATE BUT FAY CALLED IT OFF....



....PLEADED A HEADACHE... THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK. I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER

AND I WONDER, TOO. THERE'S YOUR GIRL COMING IN WITH BILL PARKER



IT IS FAY. HOW FICKLE! I THOUGHT SHE REALLY CARED

STEADY, OLD MAN. FAY THINKS THE WORLD OF YOU BUT YOU HAVE ONE FAULT SHE MAY HAVE NOTICED...



NO "B.O." NOW — THANKS TO JIM'S TIP ABOUT LIFEBOUY. SOME SOAP! SUCH LATHER!



FAY'S "ONE AND ONLY" — since he ended "B.O."

TOO LATE, BILL FAY'S DATED UP WITH ME!

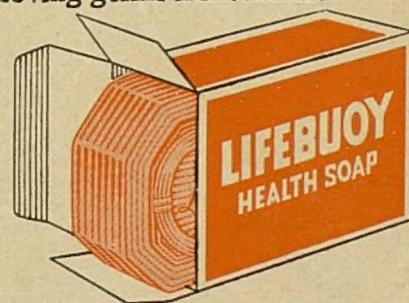
You can't be too careful about "B.O."

(body odor)

DON'T FOOL yourself about such a serious matter. You cannot afford to take chances with "B.O." (body odor) at any time of year. Every day—rain or shine, warm or cool—pores give off at least a quart of odor-causing waste. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It is so *different* from ordinary toilet soaps that it's in a class by itself. Lifebuoy's clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of *extra* protection. Its creamy, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." Helps protect health, too, by removing germs from hands.

For a beautiful skin

Cleanse your face thoroughly every night with Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather. Millions follow this simple plan. And their complexions fairly sparkle and glow with radiant health and clearness.



ADVICE TO SHAVERS

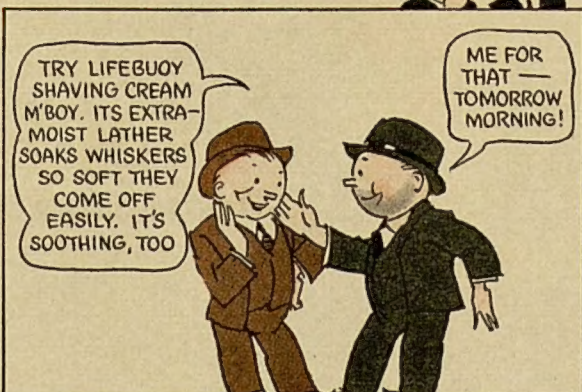


by J.F. HART



WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE OLD TOP AND COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES?

I SHAVED THIS MORNING BILL, BUT MY FACE IS SO TENDER I CAN'T SHAVE AS CLOSE AS I'D LIKE TO



TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM M'BOY. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SO SOFT THEY COME OFF EASILY. IT'S SOOTHING, TOO

ME FOR THAT — TOMORROW MORNING!



GEE THAT LIFEBOUY LATHER SURE IS GREAT. NEVER HAD SUCH A CLEAN, SMOOTH SHAVE! EASY ON THE FACE, TOO



TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE

How to get smooth, long-lasting shaves

This extra-moist lather wilts tough beards—soothes the skin

THERE'S NO trick to getting a clean, lasting shave if you use the right lather. Light, bubbly, quick-drying lather won't do. But Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It soaks the toughest whiskers soft—extra soft—so they come off clean as a whistle.

You get a smooth-as-silk shave that lasts all day. And it soothes and protects the skin while you shave—leaves it soft, pliant, refreshed afterward. Economical, too—a little goes so far. Try it. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-125 Cambridge, Mass. (This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

"I want the best **ETHYL** I can buy so I always stop at this pump

"I've always used an Ethyl gasoline—any brand used to do—I wasn't particular. But when I heard that the new Texaco-Ethyl was Texaco *Fire-Chief* with Ethyl added—I said to myself, 'Here's Ethyl at its best!'"

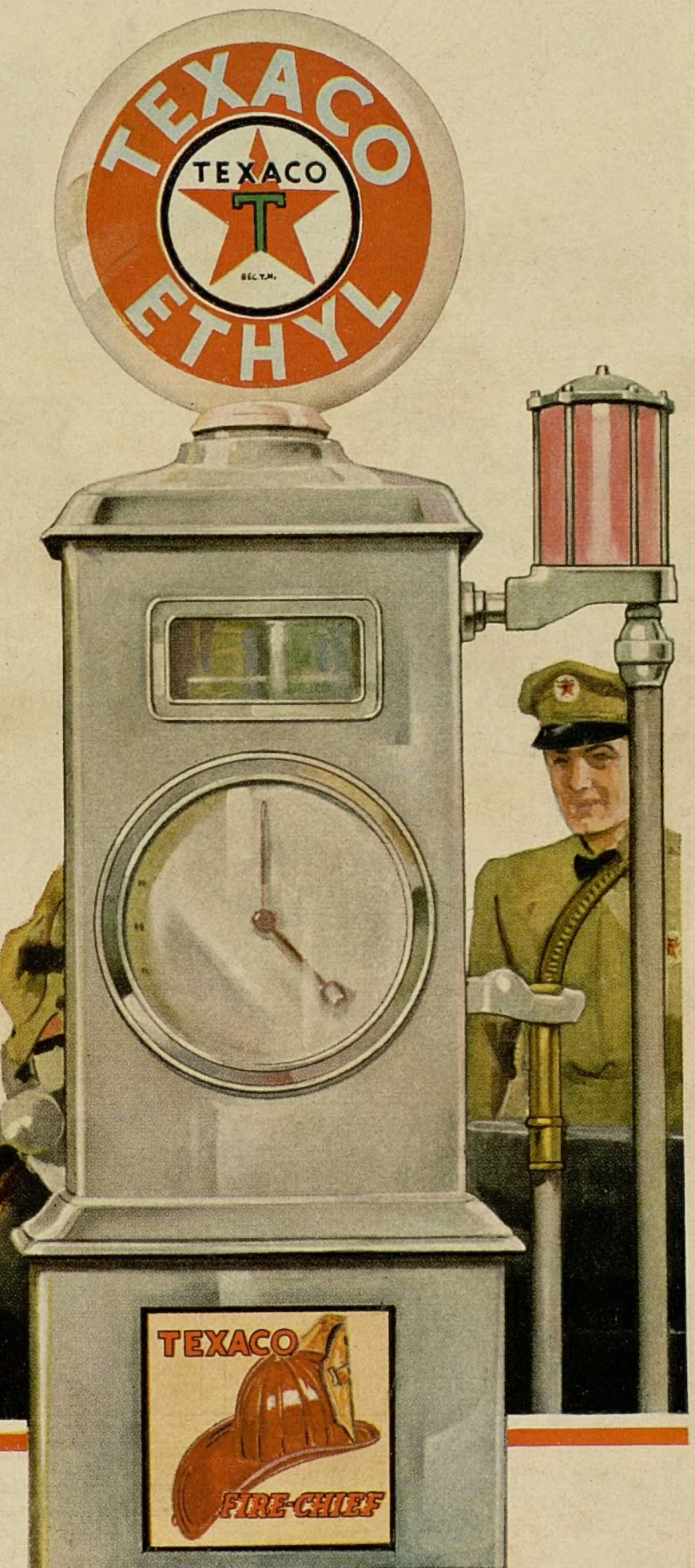
Is there a difference in Ethyl gasolines?

There is. The difference between one Ethyl gasoline and another is the difference between the base gasoline used—*before* the Ethyl is added.

In Texaco-Ethyl the base gasoline is Texaco *Fire-Chief*. That means *to start with*—extra power, extra speed, extra mileage, and an octane rating that is outstanding. Now add Ethyl to *that*—and all those already superior qualities are improved *still further!*

That, in a nutshell, is why so many regular users of Ethyl gasoline are turning to Texaco-Ethyl. It is sold at all Texaco Stations—in all our 48 States. Try a tankful today.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*



Right now your car needs summer-grade
TEXACO MOTOR OIL . . . SAY "YES"

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TEXACO-ETHYL = ~~FIRE-CHIEF~~ + ETHYL